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THE SILENT WORKER

TRENTON, N. J.



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Deaf Persons of Note



MONSIEUR HENRI GAILLARD

Man of Letters and Editor of the Gazette des Sourds Muets, Paris, France

A Deaf Man Built A \$15,000 Home

George F. Tripp Also Explains Wood Pattern-Making--An Excellent and Remunerative Field for the Deaf with the Mechanical Turn of the Mind

By JOHN FARMER GOTTHELF

BY HIS ingenuity and with his own hands George Franklin Tripp, deaf instructor of the woodworking department of the Michigan School for the Deaf at Flint, built a handsome, modern seven-room home of brick veneer, the cost of which would be prohibitive to most people of average income of today, were they to build one like it. A stranger passing the Tripp residence, if he happens to think of its ownership, would be likely to take for granted that it is the home of some well-to-do business man. Bearing in mind the fact that in those days the proportion between earning power and building costs was about the same as it is today, I can appreciate the justifiable pride Mr. Tripp feels in his ownership of such an excellent home.

Back in 1910, George Tripp bought, just across the street from the beautiful Michigan School for the Deaf grounds, a lot which was formerly a small manufacturing brickyard during the Civil War days. The site was an unsightly deep hole, the result of extensive excavation of the clay for making bricks. One hundred wagon loads of free dirt was required to fill the cavity to bring it to the street level. Mr. Tripp, being an expert architectural designer, then made a blueprint for a house with spacious rooms fashioned after the Southern type—every detail was in accord with Mrs. Tripp's taste and desire.

Skilled labor, however, was scarce at that time, but Tripp was resourceful; he solved the labor problem by finding six young men, who agreed to help him build a house, although they knew nothing about house construction. But they were handy with tools, and Tripp said they would do if they followed his directions to the letter. Three of his helpers were deaf, to each of whom he explained carefully in, of course, the silent language; the other three could hear and speak, to these Tripp wrote instructions on a pad with a pencil, assisted now and then by "home-made" signs.

The construction was begun in May of the same year and progressed rapidly until its completion in the following fall. The only outside skilled labor employed was brick-laying, plumbing, electrical wiring, and heating. As a consequence, Mr. Tripp saved \$1,000 on his house, and the margin certainly was large when the reader remembers that the total cost of the house was about \$3,000—nowa-

days it could not be duplicated for less than \$12,000, exclusive of the cost of a lot. And, so excellently constructed is the house that a prominent Flint physician offered Mr. Tripp \$15,000 in cash for it. As tempting as the offer was, Mrs. Tripp would not relinquish her charming home—an admirable testimonial of her loyalty to her memory of her husband's painstaking effort to build a *real* home.

The interior decoration of the house is artistical and charming. The rooms are spacious and inviting. The living room has a large English fireplace in which the Tripps often make a fire during chilly spring and fall evenings, to lend coziness and cheerfulness to the room. The house is steam-heated throughout.

Nearly every piece of furniture in the house was made by Mr. Tripp during his leisure moments in the school woodworking department. The furniture is perfect in every detail, and would have cost quite a sum at retail store quotations. An examination of a piece or two reminded me of the exquisite beauty and perfect detail in execution of ancient Athenian architecture. An object of beauty and interest is grandfather's clock, eight feet in height. For the woodwork of this clock Mr. Tripp used African figured mahogany—an expensive imported lumber grown only in Africa: the works were ordered from a large clock manufacturing concern in Connecticut and guaranteed to run for 100 years.

In 1918, when skilled wood pattern-makers were in great demand, Mr. Tripp resigned his position at the school to accept a job at the Buick Motor Car Company as pattern-maker. He had been on the Buick payroll two years when he returned to the school to resume his former duties, at the late Superintendent Luther L. Wright's request.

I had never heard of the word *wood pattern-maker*—or, rather, I had never troubled myself to find out exactly what wood pattern-making was; it had always seemed to me to be something like making wooden ornaments for fancy furniture. So, being curious, I asked Mr. Tripp whether wood pattern-making had to do with the building of bodies for automobiles.

"No," Mr. Tripp replied. "We made wooden patterns for various parts of a Buick engine. You see, blueprints for different parts of the motor were sent from the draft-



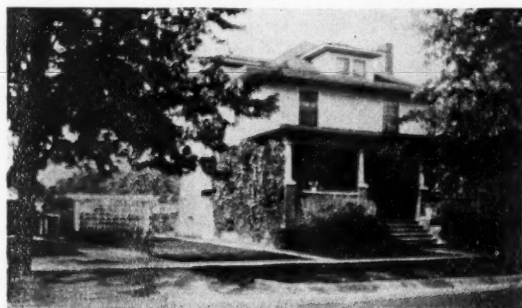
George F. Tripp

ing department to the pattern-making department, where we made wooden patterns of cogs, cylinders, pistons, rods, etc. The wooden parts were then sent to the foundry, where specially prepared *sand molds* were made from them; from the sand molds metal casts were made. The wooden patterns themselves were never used in casting, because of too great heat, which would warp them. After being machined, the metal casts, if found true in every detail, were sent to the automobile plants to be used as standard molds for re-casting of thousands of similar parts.

"White pine and mahogany," he explained further, "are the only kind of wood used in pattern-making, because either wood retains its shape and form to a remarkable degree under excessive atmospheric changes. However, allowance for shrinkage produced in a metal is always made before cutting the wood—the shrinkage or contraction of the metal is due to the cooling of the metal after its transition from the liquid to the solid state. There are standardized measurements for various degrees of shrinkage in different kinds of molten metal. For example, here is a table of measurements for shrinkage-allowance:

One-tenth of an inch to the foot	Cast iron
One-eighth of an inch to the foot	Malleable iron
Three-sixteenths of an inch to the foot	Brass
	Bronze
	Aluminum

"Suppose that we want a 10-inch steel cog-wheel. We must allow one-fourth of an inch for shrinkage in the steel, so we make a wooden pattern of the cog-wheel to the



House of Mr. Tripp built by himself with the assistance of six young men who were uninitiated in the principles of carpentry. A few years ago, Mr. Tripp was offered \$15,000 in cash for his home

size of 10 1/4 inches. After the casting, the cog-wheel, now solidified steel, will be 10 inches in size, because the cast will have contracted 1/4 of an inch.

"These measurements are not hard-and-fast rules, because the amount of shrinkage does vary in the different metals and also in the same metal under varying conditions, but the measurements are practically standard in most cases.

"Woodworking is a general term embracing carpentry (house construction), cabinet-making (furniture), and wood pattern-making. Pattern-making, called the aristocrat of the woodworking trade, is an important and responsible trade. The pattern-maker has very little in common with the carpenter or any other wood-worker except for the fact that he uses the same tools and processes. To be a proficient pattern-maker, it is necessary to master the principles of molding and much of its details, in addition to having a good working knowledge of modern machine shop practice and drafting. Pattern-making is not mere

cutting wood—it is much more a question of knowledge of drafting and skill of measuring and cutting with mathematical precision than mere proficiency of using tools. Expert handling of tools is not essential to pattern-making. But the pattern-maker must be able to interpret the design correctly to get the idea the draftsman intended to convey—sometimes a pattern is very difficult to design, and that means a complicated design for the pattern-maker to follow. For this reason, a knowledge of both drafting and cabinet-making is prerequisite to successful pattern-making."

Concerning a phase of the vocational training of the deaf, Mr. Tripp is a staunch believer in teaching drafting

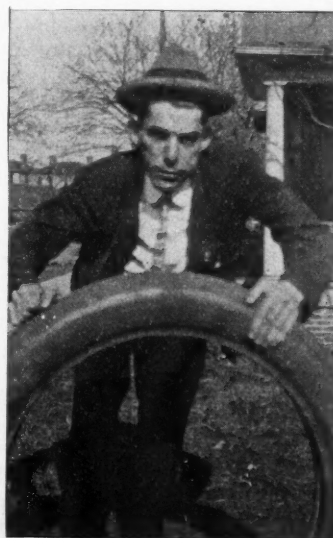


Another view of the house built by Mr. Tripp

his experience at the Buick had shown that a man having a combined knowledge of drafting and woodworking can prepare for pattern-making, a trade which invariably commands better pay than the case would be if he had knowledge of only one branch of the wood-working trade.

As to the length of time required for the mastery of wood pattern-making, according to Mr. Tripp, it is entirely an individual matter; that is, after a thorough knowledge of modern machine shop practice and drafting had been obtained. "While pattern-making requires natural aptitude for mathematics and considerable self-application to the theory and practice," Mr. Tripp added, "it is a very good trade and pays well."

Love at first sight is when a chicken sees a garden.



Henry Wooding, of Danville, Va.

A FRIEND TO THE DEAF

By THOMAS W. HAMRICK, JR.

MEN WHO have done most to uplift humanity too often have to wait till their death to get anything like full appreciation of what they have done. The deaf of North Carolina owe a great deal of gratitude to one man and that man is E. McK. Goodwin. It is not putting it too strongly to say that he has given his lifeblood to making men and women of the deaf in our own state.

Though the North Carolina School for the Deaf has for years stood in the front ranks of schools for the deaf in America, still the students now in that school, and a large per cent. of the adult deaf of North Carolina have very little conception of the merit, strength and wide intelligence of the methods and management of this their own school at Morganton.

In every state where a school for the deaf exists the superiority of this school is known. The founder of the school is a national figure among workers for the deaf. Mr. Goodwin's advice in regard to matters relating to the deaf has been sought by various superintendents of schools for the deaf in the country. His achievements along educational lines and his upbuilding of this school have won for him wide recognition and leadership. Yet we who receive the benefits of this leadership have known so little of its excellence.

Today we have monuments and statues to the memory of men who figured prominently in the affairs of our nation. We think that Mr. Goodwin needs no monument made of marble, for right now this School for the Deaf founded by him is monument enough for any man.

We want to understand more about Mr. Goodwin's work so that we may be able to appreciate him and the school, but so far he has been successful in suppressing our praise or any honor we have tried to do him. We love him and we are willing to humor him and let him have his own way in most things. But he must be reasonable. He must not exasperate us too much by his modesty. We cannot permit him even in the fullness of years and honors to thus openly defy us. What he has withheld from most of us is the history of his own life. Some material for the history of his life has been picked up piece by piece by a few of us, but most of the details relating to him and in connection with his school were given to me by a woman who fortunately was living in Morganton at the time Mr. Goodwin came to Morganton as the head of the North Carolina School for the Deaf.

Let's take a brief glance at the life of this man who was the founder of that school. He was born in Raleigh, N. C., but of most of his youth we know almost nothing, except that in circumstances, his lot was not easy. We find him at the age of twenty-two a student of Peabody College at Nashville, Tennessee. Whether we know all about his student life while in college or not, matters little or none at all. It is thought, on account of tradition, that he was intended for the teaching profession, or the law, but the turning point in his career came when he, as a college student, was visiting a school in Raleigh. The school was the one for the deaf and the blind, both white and colored. The conditions he saw in that school were not a cause for congratulation nor inspiration. The teachers were inefficient; the head of the school was the

football of politics; and the inmates of the school were poorly educated and neglected. What he saw brought down his censure and he was fired with ambition to improve the school. Upon his graduation from Peabody College he became a teacher in the Raleigh School in order to study and observe the deaf and the blind. At that time the Iowa School for the Deaf was considered one of the best in the United States, and in a few years to that school Mr. Goodwin went, to learn how any school for the deaf should be managed. His brain was constantly on the thought of a new school for the deaf to be located in some part of his own state. He did not believe in grouping the deaf and the blind together on the same school-grounds, in the same dining halls and dormitories. He therefore began to argue that the State of North Carolina should build another school wholly for the deaf children. He then went to work trying to bring to realization in brick and mortar the vision his mind had created. The vision was a modern school for the deaf children. In the pursuit of that vision he threw himself—mind, body and soul. He traveled to the towns where members of the North Carolina Legislature lived, and with them he talked and argued. The money with which he purchased tickets was from his own pockets. When the Legislature met, they passed the bill calling for an appropriation of \$100,000 for the erection of a new State school for deaf children to be located in Morganton, Burke County. The place on which the new school was to be built was then called Vine Hill. Vines and many kinds of trees covered the place. Colonel S. McD. Tate, W. C. Ervin and Isaac Avery helped to get the land for the new school. Mr. Goodwin was elected Advisory Superintendent, and he served in that capacity without salary for two years. He went north to get ideas for the plans of the new school. The money he spent in purchasing railway tickets and paying expenses was from his own tecture to be used in his proposed school. Some of us which was considered a fine school, to observe the architecture to be used in his proposed school. Some of us think it likely that some parts of our present school resemble those of either the Clarke School for the Deaf at Northampton, Mass., for the Mount Airy School for the Deaf near Philadelphia, because they are both excellent schools. Axes, picks and shovels were mustered into service to clear and level the grounds for the new school. Mr. Goodwin himself directed the foreman, the contractor and the masons and the laborers. The school was ready to open by October 12, 1894. It began with 102 students and seven teachers. Our \$23,000 school building which was begun in 1898, is believed to be one of the best school buildings for the deaf in the United States, on account of its unique architecture. The school grounds are well laid. Sidewalks and curved driveways adorn the grounds. These with mountains and pine forests in the background make a beautiful setting for the school. Class trees, with class tablets at the foot, also add to the beauty of these grounds. Tradition says that long ago Indian Tribes—the Catawba and the Cherokees—once roamed across these grounds, and gave battle to enemy tribes trying to gain possession of these lands.

The founder of the school, Mr. Edward McK. Goodwin, is progressive, and has been tireless in his efforts to

bring the school to the top of the profession. Energy and enthusiasm are his chief characteristics, and kindness and courtesy reign supreme in his character. Athletics he cares for none at all. He spends no time in recreation on his health, but nevertheless at sixty-four years of age he is a man of remarkable endurance. He goes to no clubs nor does he spend his time enjoying society or playing games.

Twenty-five years ago he was a young man, with black hair and beard, but now his hair is gray and his shoulders are a little stooped. We think this comes from the heavy responsibilities of the school, which now ranks at the top of the list of schools for the deaf in the United States. Any attempt at describing the leadership and excellence of that school is utterly feeble. Visitors are welcome at all hours of the day, especially Tuesdays and Fridays to attend assembly exercises.

Superintendent Goodwin's life is one of continual fight

in favor of the deaf in North Carolina. He never compromises with wrong or evil.

He has given his life for human freedom as fully and as freely as any man who ever died upon the field of battle. The battle he fought lasted a life time.

He was the shining mark of the enemy for many years and was malinged and abused and misrepresented more than any man in North Carolina and yet his heart was as pure, his patriotism was as great and as unflinching as that of any here who ever lived.

His love for the deaf-mute race is unsurpassed.

His great heart beat in unison with the deaf-mutes who were compelled to toil and those who suffered, and there was never a moment while he lived when he was not ready and willing to throw his great ability into the fight in favor of right and destruction of evil.

Hunting and Trapping Big Game in Idaho

By BOB WHITE

"HUNNERD an' feefty dollar month to hunt and trap for Gov'ment? An' mus' hav' all that outfit to catch lobo an' kiote? Hunnerd traps, dawgs an' hosses? You tellum Gabe don' want job. Me an' you go 'lone; mak' more money in two week than Gov'ment giv' in month."

Gabe certainly was disgusted with the letter I received from the Predatory Animal Inspector of a certain state in the west, offering such small remuneration. I had heard that the Inspector was anxious to obtain the very best men, but it seemed that most of them preferred to be independent of the Government, as there seemed to be some sort of "red tape" attached to the position, chiefly as to the disposal of the furs, the hunter receiving but one-half the price obtained from their sale, the state retaining the balance. Besides this, the Government hunter and trapper is not supposed to trap the smaller fur bearer during his spare time, but must exert all his efforts to exterminate the larger animals which prey upon the livestock of the ranchers.

"Sure, Gabe, you don't want that job; just look at the big money we made on our last trap line in Colorado, three years ago; over \$700.00 in two months, and we didn't get a penny's bounty, either, on all those coyotes and bob-cats, but we sure did beat the Government hunter, didn't we?"

TWO WEEKS after this convention Gabe and the writer were snugly settled in a homesteader's deserted cabin along the Blackfoot River, in Caribou County, Idaho, twenty miles from the town of Soda Springs.

Our supplies were hauled to the cabin by the foreman of the great Austin ranch, comprising over 35,000 acres, and known as Blackfoot Ranch, owing to the fact that the Blackfoot River wound its way thru the property. Almost a foot of snow covered the ground, and the trip to Soda Springs and back covered forty-five miles, as our cabin was nearly four miles from the main ranch.

During the winter of 1918 there was very little trapping done in my part of the country, on account of the greatest slump in the history of the fur market. The foreman of the ranch told us he never knew wolves and coyotes as thick as they were in 1919. Several old-timers whom we met in town told us the same thing. We had about a hundred and fifty traps with us, ranging from No. 1½s to 4s. There were thousands of muskrats along the Blackfoot and in the adjacent meadows close to our cabin, and as their pelts were bringing anywhere from \$1.00 to \$3.00, we could not afford

to pass them by. Beaver were also plentiful, but were protected. A few marten were also to be found, but we failed to catch any. It was the larger game we were after, but we had the whole winter before us, so did not rush around over-doing things. Instead of shooting at every coyote which came within range, we ignored them, for we knew that as long as we did not fire they'd become more accustomed to us, besides we had not put out our traps as yet. The main trouble with the amateur is that he will shoot at every opportunity, eventually making the animals more wary, and if persisted in, has a tendency to drive them from the neighborhood.

This is the reason we refrained from firing a single shot during the first two weeks; we let them go seemingly unnoticed, devoting all our time to muskrats, catching quite a number of them. During the greater part of the day we'd prospect around, locating the exact spot where we would set each trap. There were "signs" everywhere. The ground was packed solid around every old carcass we found, and where there were open places in the river, hundreds of tracks could be seen. In the dense timber there were unmistakable evidence of bear and bob-cats.

BEDLAM seemed to break loose when the coyotes began their nightly serenade. I judged from the sounds there must be hundreds of them. I had been in so-called coyote country before, but had never heard anything which surpassed those evenings in that lonely cabin in the Idaho hills.

The U. S. Biological Survey has done everything in its power to stamp out the depredations of this great scourge of the plains, and has been successful to a certain extent. Shooting and trapping have been the most successful methods, while locating their dens and destroying their young in the spring is resorted to by many ranchers. In cases where the den is too small to enter, dynamite is used. A coyote gives birth to six to ten pups at a time, and as there is a bounty of \$5.00 for each pup, it can readily be seen that this method is a most remunerative one. Gabe told me that, at one time, he destroyed eight pups in a single den, receiving \$40.00 for an hour's work.

During the trapping season of 1919 (the early part) fur dealers were paying high prices for furs, besides we received the state bounty of \$6.00 for each coyote scalp; \$62.00 for each wolf, and \$4.00 for bob-cats; the Cattlemen's Association paid from \$50.00 to \$100.00 for each wolf. Therefore, it is evident that the trapper who is independent of the

Government can make more money than if he were in its employ.

Dallas, our cook, who had been serving muskrat several days, decided Gabe and I would like a change, so accordingly went to the ranch and secured the hindquarters of a spring lamb, which the foreman gave him. This was a welcome change, altho there is nothing that can be compared to a muskrat when it is properly cooked. Perhaps you'll experience a nauseating sensation in your stomach at the mention of muskrat, but it is only the word "rat" which causes many people to refuse eating them. In the east they are called "marsh rabbits," and find a ready sale. They are one of the cleanest animals among our fur bearers. This is an indisputable fact. I have seen them take a single blade of grass or a grain of corn in their paws and wash it before eating. Many a time I have scattered dirty carrots near their feeding places and "slides," and everytime they found one they'd take it to the stream and wash it. Are our barnyard fowls as particular about their diet as the muskrat? And that prize porker at the Stock Show: did it wash everything it ate? Their meat was dark red, and is as tender as it possibly can be; they can be served in many different ways; soak them over night in salt water, then parboil and fry just as you would a rabbit or any other meat. After being boiled until the bones drop out, run thru a food chopper, then season with salt and pepper and put away in stone jars with lard poured over. After standing for a week it is ready for the frying pan. Or, you can fry just as soon as run thru the chopper, adding salt and pepper and a small, finely chopped onion.

THE SHORT "Yap-yap of a coyote resembles that of a dog, and only an experienced ear can distinguish the difference, altho there are times when they give vent to a long-drawn howl, which sounds very much like that of a hound while trailing a rabbit or coon. But the diabolical, blood-curdling howl of a wolf is something no one can ever forget. Even Dallas, hardened backwoodsman and trapper that he is, confess it makes a faint but lively shiver travel up and down his spine and prick at the roots of his hair. Several times we heard them howling at no great distance, while Gabe said he could easily have shot one a few days before. But as no shots had been fired, the animals had gradually become accustomed to us, and in consequence became much bolder. One morning there were tracks within fifteen feet of the cabin. But the time was not ripe. Gabe, in keeping with the Indian blood in him, bided his time.

Up to this time we had caught about fifty muskrats, and it is needless to say I was becoming anxious to try my new rifle on the coyotes, as I could have easily shot at least a dozen during those two weeks.

Dallas was an unusually good story teller, so one evening after we had cleared away the supper dishes, and were sitting around the open fireplace, we finally succeeded in getting him to relate some of his experiences.

"WELL, BOYS," he said, "I've lived in these parts nigh onto twenty years, and have never known wolves and kiotes thicker'n they are now. Last year there was hardly any huntin' or trappin' with the exception that the Guv'ment hunter stopped at the ranch several times. He had been after one of the largest wolves he ever saw. This particular wolf was always in company with three smaller ones, which, he believed, were her pups. Traps, poison and shootin' had failed, altho he succeeded in wounding one of the smaller."

"After this the pack disappeared several months, but the last time I met this fellow, he told me he had seen the old she wolf and her whelps within three miles of our cabin. After these critters have thinned out the smaller and weaker

game, they come closer to the ranch, especially when the snow is deep, and it is at such a time the great gray wolves give the ranchers the most trouble. Under cover of night is when they play the greatest havoc; they kill just for the lust of doing so, leaving several animals lying around untouched, except being hamstrung, or with a great ragged gash at the throat. In most cases the stock is so badly hurt that they have to be shot; and sometimes they are left with a broken leg, or are so badly mangled that their death is but a matter of a few hours, unless hastened by a merciful bullet."

"A coyote generally goes for the ——"

At this juncture his story was interrupted by a series of the most blood-curdling cries imaginable. It was so different from the cry of a wolf, and we were inclined to think it was the scream of a mountain lion. Even Gabe straightened in his chair and cast an inquisitive glance at Dallas.

"Thar, that's old Waho calling her whelps together; she's found a warm trail, and they will soon make a kill. I bet it's the last o' that old hoss we saw along the river this afternoon. An ed-jucated wolf like her can raise more hell in a single night than ten kiotes can in a week."

"You tellum me 'bout Ol' Waho," interrupted Gabe.

"Oou-u; o-o-u-h; wow-w."

"Hear that?" from Dallas; "them pups have joined their mother, and are hot on the trail, an' in about five minutes you'll think all the wolves in the country are down there along the river."

It was a bright moonlight night and objects could be discerned at quite a distance, so we went to the door and listened to those dreadful cries echoing and re-echoing through the silent hills and valleys—the hunting cry of the great gray wolf. And, across the valley a quarter-mile below us, we saw outlined on the snow, the forms of four great beasts, closely bunched, which at that distance, seemed like phantoms. Then they disappeared over the rise close to the river, and in a few minutes an even greater cry arose, the dying scream of the horse.

"In mornin' me go set traps; me get Ol' Waho, no matter how long wait, me gettum. Ol' Waho dam smart; Gabe smarter; me gettum pup, too, an' bountee; you see."

AND here Dallas resumed his narrative:

"A coyote generally goes for the throat when attacking an animal, while a wolf first hamstring, then goes for the throat. I have seen many cases like that, and have shot at least fifty head of deer which were left half dead, and am of the opinion that a wolf or coyote leaves them this way purposely, as I know from observation they prefer warm meat to cold, an' will pass an old carcass without notice. One winter when the hay crop was insufficient to feed all the stock on the ranch, over three hundred head of sheep perished.

"After putting the cabin in shape and getting everything in readiness for preparing our next meal, I decided to go up the river where I had seen several coyotes the day previous. On my way I saw several, but they were too far away to risk a shot. My objective point was a deep arroyo about a mile from the cabin, where there was an old carcass of a horse which they had a habit of visiting. In fact it seemed to be an established meeting place. I had carefully marked the spot, and, after ten minutes of manouvering, reached a place where I could look over into the arroyo, and was rewarded by seeing three coyotes. Just as I was aiming and about to pull the trigger, a shot rang out at no great distance. This I knew to be the peculiar report of Gabe's .300 Savage. It caused the animals below to look up and gaze intently in my direction. It was my chance, so fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing the largest drop in its tracks. The other two were so bewildered that they hesitated for a few seconds which enabled me to drop another, but missed the third. Now, I consider this mighty good work, especially

with a strange rifle—one that had never been shot—the new .300 Savage. This rifle, I am told, was produced by the Savage people at the request of sportsmen truout the country who wanted a gun as the same ballistics as the .30 Springfield. This resulted in a most satisfactory gun for big game, as well as for the ranchmen, who find it an ideal saddle gun. Its range is far beyond the average hunting requirements; it also has the distinction of having made ten consecutive hits in a 30-inch bullseye at the rifle matches in Camp Perry, Ohio. The recoil is slightly less than that of the Springfield Army rifle, but owing to its better designed stock, the shooter will be pleasantly surprised to find how well the recoil is taken up. I have the .22 Hi Power and the 250-3000 Savage, but have laid them aside for the .300.

Leaving the coyotes where they had fallen, I started back to the cabin to get the horse, as it was too cold to skin them, besides they were too heavy to carry. While returning another shot rang out, and glancing in the direction from which the report came, saw a huge gray from running with the swiftness of the wind, and behind her, in single file, two more, but much smaller than the leader. It was Waho, the old she-wolf and her whelps. But where was the third? Gabe seldom missed, so knew that if he had fired, one had fallen, and Waho's family was slowly but surely leaving their hunting grounds along the Blackfoot where they had lived so long.

I was right in this conjecture, for, in about an hour, Gabe came in, and across his shoulders was one of the old she-wolf's whelps. Besides this he also had a full-grown bobcat, sometimes called lynx in this part of the country. When Dallas returned sometime later, empty-handed, he wanted to know what all the shooting had been about.

"Keep up that gait," he said, "an' there won't be a kiote in the state; all you'll see is bob-cats an' lion. Ol' Waho an' her family will vamoose, eh, Gabe?"

But when we took him to the shed where the wolf, two coyotes and bob-cat were, his contemptuous look changed to a most puzzling one. All he could do was to lift his cap, scratch his head. We considered this a mighty good day's work.

"When the snow is too deep," he resumed, "to get around in without snowshoes and skis, the critters seem to know it, as they will even enter the corral when no one is within sight. I have seen them pull down a calf in broad daylight, but they seemed to know just how close they could come and yet be out of range of the high power rifle which I always carried. I had been using a Savage 22 Hi-Power, but had very little success; but when I changed to the 250-300, generally had better luck. I am of the opinion that, at the report of the shot, the coyote gives a quick jump to one side, thus escaping the bullet, which would no doubt have reached its mark if the animal had stood still. When shooting, I aim to one side of them, and if they jump that way, I always get them. And now, boys, let's have a cup of coffee, then we'll turn in, an' in the morning, we'll go down to the river and see how much Old Waho and her whelps left of that old hoss."

"Now, you Dallas," Gabe interrupted, "If anyone go to river where that ol' hoss is, it's Gabe. You stay 'way; ef all go mebbe me no gettum Ol' Waho. Gabe go 'lone; go to ranch, get horse, set traps. Mebbe wan, two, t'ree days gettum ol' wolf—mebbe wan o' puppies."

SUITING his words he picked out four brand new Newhouse No. 4's and, after examining them critically, threw them over his shoulder and started for the ranch.

"Wotinel does he want of a horse to set them traps with," Dallas asked.

I confess I was also guessing, as I never knew of Gabe doing such a thing, but supposed he was up to some new trick. True to our promise we did not go near the river.

Dallas remarked that Gabe was probably a novice at the

game, and significantly tapped his forehead. However, I knew Old Waho or one of her family was doomed.

We spent the morning skinning our catch of muskrats, eleven of them, and were peeling potatoes for dinner, when I happened to glance out of the window and saw Gabe approaching on horseback. As soon as he entered the cabin Dallas began firing all kinds of questions at him.

"Wotinel have you been doin' all the mornin'—ridin' 'rout sightseein'—been to Sody Springs—er wot? S'pose you've—"

"Now, yu Dallas; yu shet up that museek o' your'n. Steel mout' mak' wise head. Me go ranch, get hoss, ride back to other hoss; tracks all 'rout. Wan great, big track, bigger'n Gabe ever see. Dat Ol' Waho; me get her."

That evening I prevailed on him to tell us why he went to all that seemingly unnecessary trouble of going to the ranch after the horse.

Here's his story, word for word; as closely as it can be remembered.

"Boys, you know an' ol' she-wolf am smart, mighty smart. She has a brain that some folks I know might better swop their own for," nodding toward Dallas. Ol' Waho been here many years, mebbe ten, mebbe moar. She wise; know every trapper a mile away, smell him two mile; she been hunted, shot at an' trapped, but nobody get her, not even Dallas or Gov'ment hunter. Gabe get her—two, t'ree days mebbe week, two week; mebbe month, but I get Ol' Waho. I ride rite up to the hoss; it still live. I take knife, lean down from my hoss, stick knife in other hoss an' blood come, then I cover traps with blood, then I walk my hoss all 'round other hoss, then get off an' set traps, then mount and cover all my tracks, then I cum 'way. When Waho cum ag'in she see only hoss tracks, but she won't get in trap rite way; she no smell man tracks, then go eat an' I get 'er—an' bountee—two hunnerd dollar. wot you, say, Dallas? Yu t'ink Gabe dampuel?"

(To be continued)



St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York City.

Over Six Thousand Miles *by* Automobile

By CLARENCE L. ANDREWS

NOTE—This interesting story relates to an Auto Trip made by Mr. and Mrs. Norman V. Lewis and their son, of Los Angeles, California.



S PROMISED I shall give you a brief account of my recent long distance spin. On Friday, May 29th, at 9:20 P.M. (PT), I left 22nd Place and Vermont Ave., enroute for the East. I drove a 24-45 Buick containing three passengers and approximately 1000 lbs of baggage and traveling equipment. My Passenegrs, eastbound, were: my mother (Mrs. Alice Andrews Lewis), my uncle (J. Edward Andrews), and a friend (Mr. Henry Germer. Mother and Mr. Germer wished to attend a Reunion of the Deaf to be held at the Michigan State School for the Deaf at Flint, Mich., June 11th to 15th. They were students there back in the 68' and 70's. My uncle wished to visit his daughters in and near Pittsburgh, Penna. As for myself, I wanted to make the return trip answer as my vacation by touring through Yellowstone Park, then home via the Columbia River. Average, 25 miles per hour.

Inasmuch as I could not leave the business before May 29h, I planned to reach Pittsburgh by June 6th, thus allowing for two days visit there, then two more days in which to reach Flint. Before starting I had the car carefully inspected in the matter of timing, brakes, ignition, springs, grease and oil, and left in very fit condition except that as the driver I had very little sleep the night previous.

With the speedometer reading 10,910 we headed north on Vermont Ave. At Melrose and Vermont the right front brake began to smoke due to tightness. Turned in at the nearest service station and lost over twenty minutes while adjusting. Drove on through Glendale and Eagle Rock. While passing through Pasadena the left front and right rear brakes began smoking. It required nearly thirty minutes to have them readjusted. After that all went well until we passed thru Monrovia, then a dense fog hugged the road, holding my speed down to a crawl. Beyond San Bernardino the fog cleared and we topped Cajon Pass grade and made Victorville, without hindrance. After a rest-stop at Victorville, we sped on to Barstow where I had lunch and "gas."

Dawn was just tingeing the east when we pulled out of Barstow. The desert road was by no means fine for speed; there were stretches where rocks and ruts required irritatingly slow driving. I made short rest stops about every hour till we reached Needles. Between Needles and Topcock the road was somewhat better, yet by no means "fast." East of Topcock, Ariz. (where we crossed the Colorado) the highway was speedier but I was forced to take a roadside nap to rid myself of drowsiness. At Oatman, Ariz., I encountered a hill that had many hair-pin turns—a stiff climb even in second gear. Once over this, however, I opened up all the way to Kingman. Stopped at an auto camp there at 4:10 P.M. (PT), after having covered 376 miles. The actual running time was 15 hours and 35 minutes, during which time my speed varied from 10 miles per hour to 45, with an average of 25 per hr.

Sunday morning (May 31st), we left Kingman at 4:05 A. M. The Highway from Kingman to several miles east to Flagstaff was practically all dirt well gra-

ded, and to (my notion) better than the average paved highway. No need to say that I stepped on it some. We had breakfast at Seligman, then rest stops at Ashfork, Williams and Flagstaff. Some twenty miles out of Flagstaff the good road ended abruptly, the balance of the way to Winslow was WRETCHED!!! First a rock cut ruined a brand new Seiberling tire and tube. Put on a used spare (a Silvertown) but within another ten miles a rock puncture put that one out. Put on my second spare (another used Silvertown, and bumped my way into Winslow. Tried to get tire service there but no one was working. Continued to Holbrooke over fair gravel road. Drained and filled crank case and radiator and took on gas here, but was still unable to obtain tire service. As I still had a few hours of daylight ahead I concluded to go on rather than tie up.

I might mention here that before starting out I had, by means of Automobile Blue Books and other data, made a schedule to go by. The schedule called for night stops at Kingman, Ariz., Gallup, New Mex., Raton, New Mexico, Dodge City, Kansas, Kansas City, Mo., St. Louis, Mo., Dayton, Ohio, then Crafton (Pittsburgh) Penna.

The road out of Holbrooke toward Gallup was mostly adobe mud dried and badly cut up in spots. Night fell long before I reached Gallup, but when perhaps twenty miles out of the city I came to a straight gravel Highway. Believing the opportunity good, I turned up to 35 per, and was doing well till suddenly my headlights showed depression ahead, unmarked by any sign of red light. My four wheel brakes locked the wheels but failed to check the speed owing to the soft gravel. I hit that chuck—an uncompleted culvert—at high speed. Mother and Mr. Germer, who occupied the rear seat, got a painful shaking up. To save themselves from being thrown out they grabbed the top bow—and broke it. By sheer good luck I managed to retain control of the car and held to the road. Lights were visible ahead which

I judged (correctly) to be Gallup, so I stepped up to 30 per. Again I was unexpectedly confronted by a wagon parked across the Highway sans a red light. What I supposed was a detour led to my left. I took it only to come up against a steam roller, unlighted and unmarked. When I got around this obstacle, I found myself off the road entirely. Took my flash light and explored on foot; then, after thirty minutes of driving over embankments and across ditches, I managed to reach a paved street. Wasted another half hour seeking accommodations at an auto camp. Finally, at 11:00 P. M. (MT) we anchored in front of a hotel. Mother and Uncle Ed took a room apiece; Germer and I slept in the car. The day's trip was 384 miles which we made in 15 hours and 20 minutes of actual running time. Average 26 per hr.

Monday morning (June 1st) we got out of Gallup at 5:00 A. M. (MT). Ten miles out of town another tire blew up (the spare that I had put on the rear—it was badly torn by the skid in the gravel the night before). Rather than turn back I continued for 22 miles on the rim, and obtained tire service at Thoreau, New Mexico. From Thoreau to Los Lunas I had to plow through several stretches of deep, sandy dust, some of which re-

quired low gear. Midway between Los Lunas and Albuquerque where we had lunch, gassed up, purchased new tire (Michelin) and perspired. Out of Albuquerque the pavement lasted for several miles then changed to well-kept dirt and gravel. Just before I reached La Bajada Hill the right rear tire picked up a nail—strange to say, all tire trouble thus far had occurred on this same wheel. Changed in fifteen minutes and tackled the hill. It has over twenty hairpin turns and rises nearly 1000 feet in a mile and a half. Made it easily by using second gear. At Santa Fe we had a good rest stop, then continued to Las Vegas over 70 miles of beautiful scenic highway. We put up in an auto camp at Las Vegas at 7:50 P. M. (MT). 284 miles constituted the day's trip. Running time 12 hrs. 50 min. average 22 per hr.

Left Las Vegas at 6:00 A. M. (MT), Tuesday, June 2nd. Stopped at Springer, N. M., for breakfast and tire service. Reaching Raton, our next stop, I again drained oil and water and refilled with fresh. The hill out of Raton was a comparatively easy climb over fine roads. Throughout the day I maintained good average speed with rest stops at Trinidad, and La Junta, Colorado, and Syracuse, Kansas. It was 8:45 P. M. (MT) when we reached Garden City, Kan., so we put up there at an auto camp. Trip, 306 miles; running time 11 hrs. 15 min., average, 27½

Pulled out of Garden City, Wednesday, June 3rd, at 4:00 A. M. (MT). Stopped for breakfast at Dodge City. Stops were also made at Hutchinson and Emporia. Because previous delays had caused me to fall short on my schedule, and because roads were now much better, I tried to maintain a 40-mile average. At one point while making the best of a long, straight stretch of leveled road, a Ford was coming towards me. When close enough I saw that both occupants were more intent upon their conversation than on their driving. Sounded my horn repeatedly without gaining attention. Seeing they were going to hold the center of the road, I decided to make a full turn out to the right as the roads were wide and apparently good. But the road edge was merely soft, unpacked dirt and I was soon titled against the bank in the ditch. Without taking time to cuss the Ford occupants, I saw I could get out under my own power a few rods further on. Back in the road I once more tuned up. A short time later I turned a sharp curve and came up behind another Ford roadster going in my direction. This Ford was going quite slow and I sounded my horn for passing room, but the Ford never moved aside an inch. The road was wide and I was late so I tried another full turn out to the left. As before the road edge sheared off under my heavy car and again I went in the ditch, this time to the hubs in the mud. The chaps in the roadster favored me with assinine grins and moved on. I tried to dig out. Two or three passing Fords stopped and offered help, but they were of little use as towers in the condition my car was in. Later a big Reo truck came up and cheerfully offered a pull which soon amounted to something. The real courtsey manifested by all offers quickly banished the wrath I held for the other empty skulls, and I started on with nothing lost but time.

At Emporia I received road advice to go by the way of Topeka as other and shorter ways were in poor condition owing to the previous day's rain—said to have been 2 inches in a few hours. Enroute from Emporia to Topeka I got tangled up in two detours that were veritable seas of muck. Managed to slosh through them without stalling entirely. Came to pavement, finally, which took me through Topeka and on to Kansas City. Put up at the Municipal camp of Kansas City, Kansas, at 11:00 P.M. (CT). The day's mileage was 448 miles, covered

in 15 hours, and 10 minutes driving time. Average, 29 miles per hour.

Left Kansas City, Kansas, Thursday, June 4th, at 5:30 A.M. (CT). Enjoyed a pretty drive through Independence, Lexington and Marshall, Missouri. From Marshall I was about to take the highway to Overton, then ferry across the river, but a passing motorist advised me to go the Glasgow way. I took this advice and had the privilege of crossing Glasgow's new free bridge on the day of its dedication. Stopped at a roadside garage near Columbia, Mo., and changed oil and water. Balance of the way into St. Louis was over good roads and without incident. Stopped at the home of Rev. Cloud (mother's friend) in St. Louis, where we enjoyed all the comforts of home for the night. The day's trip was 296 miles and my driving time was 11 hours and 5 minutes. Our first bridge toll was paid at St. Charles, Mo., where we crossed the Missouri River. a second time. Average, 27 miles per hour.

Friday morning at 7:00 o'clock (June 5th) we left St. Louis and crossed into Illinois over a free bridge (not the Eads). Pavement was now continuous all the way east; we made stops at Vandalia, Ill. Terre Haute, Ind., and Indianapolis and Richmond, Ind., experiencing no trouble aside from sweltering heat. Reached Dayton, Ohio, at dark. Here Mr. Germer left us to take a short cut to Flint by rail. Mother was anxious to call on Mrs. Pumphrey at South Zanesville, Ohio. Thinking I might get that far by midnight, I did not stop in Dayton as intended. After passing through Columbus, drowsiness began to bother me and forced me to stop for a "seat nap". Eventually we reached Zanesville at 2:00 A.M. (CT) Saturday, June 6th. There we had a breakfast fit for a king—juicy, fresh-picked strawberries and real ham and eggs—the kind you DON'T get in restaurants. Our mileage form St. Louis to Mrs. Pumphrey's was 476, which required 16 hours and 10 minutes of the time at the wheel. Average, 30 per hour.

Left Mrs. Pumphrey's at 9:30 A.M. and arrived at the home of my Aunt Emma Burnside in Crafton (a suburb of Pittsburgh) at 4:30 P.M. (CT). Distance 219 miles. Running time, 7 hrs. 15 min. Average 31 miles per hour.

Trouble rode hard on our trial this last lap. A drizzling rain fell at one point and the brick pavement looked treacherous to me, especially on hills. As a safe guard I kept the two outer wheels on the dirt margin over hills. Mounted one hill in this manner at about 18 miles per. There was a sharp, right turn at the top. Around this curve was parked a heavy duty truck. Was unable to get back onto the brick in time due to the ledge of nearly three inches; consequently I grazed the truck with disastrous results to my right front fender. Proceeded to Wheeling. Was stopped on the toll bridge there because of traffic. A frisky Ford slid into my rear, ruined both spare rims and twisting my tire carriers out of position. A few miles further on a Ford dump truck raced along ahead of me, then stopped. I rolled up close while waiting for an opening in opposite traffic that would permit me to pass. Without warning, and just as I started to turn out, the truck backed into me, bending the bumper, smashing one head lamp, and doing more damage to the already crippled fender.

Shopped my car for body repairs and oil, water and grease service while we visited my aunt. My uncle Ed left us here to stay with one of his daughters. Tuesday morning (June 9th) at 9:30 A.M. (CT) mother and I headed for Flint via Greenville, Pa. We made a few "old home" calls at Kinsman where I spent much of my boyhood on Grandfather Andrews' farm. From Kinsman we drove to Andover after a call, then east to

Cleveland and Toledo. Passed through Sandusky shortly after dark and later stopped by the roadside and took a nap without getting out of the car. Started on after midnight and passed through Toledo just before dawn (the 10th). Sometime during the night I lost the rear truss rod. Reached Detroit about 7:00 A.M. and made a call on my step-father's (Dad" Lewis) sister, Mrs. Larkin of 448 East Canfield St. Enjoyed an appetizing breakfast which Mrs. Larkins prepared for us. Had the truss rod replaced while we visited, then drove to Northville, then to Fenton where we stopped for the night at the home of A. W. Hamilton and wife. Here we had enjoyable eats, a pleasant visit, and a good rest. Drove on to Flint Thursday and arrived there at 10:00 A.M. The mileage from Pittsburgh was 441 miles but I kept no record of running time because of so many calls.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday we spent in and around Flint, enjoying the pleasant hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Allen. Mother had the time of her life at the Reunion and I looked over old scenes. When I last lived in Flint, 33 years ago, the population was about 15,000—now it is over 125,000. Some town! Had complete oil, water and gas servic at Flint, and purchased two new tires.

Monday morning, June 15th, at 7:00 A.M. (CT) we left for Chicago. Mr. Germer had rejoined us and my sister Florence, who had lived in Lapeer 29 years also went along. Reached Chicago, a distance of 276 miles by 6:00 P.M. (CT) in about ten hours of driving time. Average, 27 miles per hour. Monday night we stopped at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Phillip Hasenstab; and Tuesday and Wednesday night we spent with Mr. and Mrs. Meagher, with all the comforts of home at each place. Met many old friends, visited the Home for the Aged Deaf, also the Church that the Deaf proudly call their own and which is presided by Rev. Flick.

Wednesday we received a telegram from home stating that "Dad" Lewis is sick, so we changed our former plans and picked out a bee-line homeward. Left Chicago at 6:30 A.M. (CT), Thursday, June 18th, made a short call at South Elgin, crossed the Mississippi via toll bridge at Clinton. Changed oil and water at Clinton. Reached Des Moines just before dark (by advice we had taken another route than the Lincoln Highway through Iowa because of road construction). Decided to drive beyond Des Moines before stopping. Long after dark we encountered a bad detour. Owing to darkness and vague directions we missed the right road twice, finally winding up in Dallas Centre, Iowa, at 10:40 P.M. (CT), having made 400 miles in 12 hours and 50 minutes of driving time. Average, 32 mi. per hr.

Left Dallas Centre, 5:00 A.M. (CT) Friday, June 18th. Reached the Lincoln Highway at Logan and continued on through Omaha, Grand Island and Kearney, Neb. Stopped for the night at Lexington, Neb., at 7:55 P.M. (CT). Distance 377 miles. Time, 13 hours even. There was another toll bridge at Council Bluffs. Average, 29 miles per hour.

Bid goodbye to Lexington at 4:30 A.M. (CT) Saturday, the 20th. The roads, heretofore ranging from fair to excellent, began to show need of proper upkeep. Between North Platte and Big Spring, Neb., we had a tire cut in some manner, possibly by a tin can. Changed oil and water at Big Spring. Made Cheyenne in good time and proceeded to Laramie. The trip up the Sherman Hill began to look dubious for progress because the northern sky was blackened and slashed by a terrific electric storm. Not a drop touched us, however, and we reached Rawlins safely at 8:50 P.M. (MT), running 441 miles in 16½ hours. Average, 26½ miles per hour. Happened to note a train which pulled out of Cheyenne

at the same time I did—both I and the train reached Rawlins together.

Left Rawlins at 4:00 A.M. (MT) Sunday, June 21st. Right rear tire was punctured by a ½ inch machine bolt enroute to Rock Springs, then moved on. It began to rain after we passed Granger. Between Fort Bridger and Evanston there were three hills to go over and the roads were wet enough to be treacherous. Had no tire chains but I managed to cover that slippery 15 miles in two hours without serious mishap. Was stalled in slippery mud twice and helped out by man power each time. Autoists traveled in gangs in order to assist each other through the worst spots. Had sunshine and fair roads from Evanston to Wanship, also vicious mosquitos in abundance. Passing Wanship, Utah, we ran into wind and rain, also a stiff hill. Gravel paving saved us much difficulty, but the descent into Salt Lake City through Parley's Canyon required careful driving. Reached camp at Salt Lake City at 8:30 P.M. (MT). 304 miles—15 hours and 45 minutes. Average, 25½ miles per hour.

Had planned on taking the Lincoln Highway out of Salt Lake as far as Ely, Neb., but we were advised to take the Arrowhead Trail if we wanted to avoid extremely bad roads. We took the advice and leaving Salt Lake City at 7:00 A.M. (MT) we drove south to Beaver. Pavement practically all the way and pleasing scenery. Twice we had to worry through huge flocks of sheep. Out of Beaver I suffered two punctures in the rear tires in succession, and I also discovered that one casing had blown out on the carrier. From Beaver to Cedar City, Utah, we came to a rough, crooked, one-man road which made a steep descent and which we negotiated after dark. We stopped for the night at St. George at 11:15 P.M. (MT). Mileage 308—running time 14 hrs. 15 min. We had changed oil and water at Beaver, Utah. Average, 22 miles per hour.

We pulled out of St. George at 4:15 A.M. (PT), Tuesday (23rd). We made the final lap continuous from there home, via Las Vegas, Nev., and Baker, Yermo, Daggett, Barstow and San Bernardino, California. With few exceptions the roads were either rocky, choppy, or dusty until we reached Victorville. For miles east of Las Vegas the ruts were so deep our car body scraped the center of the road. The heat, day and night, was HEAT! One tire burst before we reached Baker. Once, during the night, I happened to swerve a few inches off the road and immediately stalled in the sand. Jacked the rear wheels up and laid flat rocks beneath them, thus enabling me to get back to solid road. Reached Yermo just at daybreak. Between Daggett and Barstow, at a point where the dust was deep, I struck a hidden rock and began to skid. To save the car from spilling, I cut off to the right and again was stalled in the sand. This time, however, I managed, by working the car backward and forward many times, to get back into the road. From then on home I had smooth sailing, and believe me, I sailed! St. George to the home stop was 424 miles which we made in about 22 hours driving time. We arrived at 10:30 A.M. (PT) Wednesday, June 24th, and the speedometer registered 16,960—a total of 6,050 miles for our entire trip.

Summarizing the car expenses for the trip, I have:

416 gallons of gasoline	\$102.92
16 gallons of oil	19.60
5 new tires	124.50
7 new tubes	26.00
3 new rims	9.40
Tire Service cost	12.00
Car Service, applying to body	28.60
repairs, grease and storage	

Bridge Tolls	1.30
Engine Trouble	000.00
Total	\$324.32
Gas averag	14½ miles per gal.

Oil average 375 miles per gal.
 Car cost per mile0535
 Gasoline prices varied from 18½ cents to 34 cents
 per gallon and oil prices varied from 25 cents to 40
 cents per quart.

Thus endeth my first transcontinental drive.



NEW YEAR POT POURRI by Augusta K. Barrett



THE MERRY YULE-TIDE will soon be upon us, and the above seemed an appropriate title, as this is a concoction on a medley of topics. On these early November days the downtown shops in Los Angeles are already crowded with "Do your Christmas shopping early." But the remedy has not yet been invented to prevent the useless giving of Christmas presents. The season of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," brings in its train many problems to each of us, some of which are solved by the planning we do when we do our Christmas shopping early. The famous Hetty Green once said: "It ain't so much what you give: it's the thought that goes with it." Into the New Year's Pot Pourri I drop a "Happy New Year Wish" for all my readers.

The "Hawaiian Night" at the Los Angeles Silent Club, October 24th, broke all local records for attendance, as over 400 were present. It was something new in the way of entertainments, the Chairman, Mr. Waldo H. Robert, had a trip to Hawaii last summer and may be regarded as an authority on things Hawaiian. The large hall was christened "The good ship Alhambra," and the floor was called the deck, on which a number of new games were played just as they were played on the deck of the ship on which the Rothert family sailed to Hawaii. But the feature of the evening came with several solo dances by Hawaiian girls now residing in Los Angeles. One of these was the famous Hula Hula dance. The mother of the girls, a distinguished looking woman (who had married an American) was present. Even in the supper served in the dining room the Hawaiian note was carried out. A chef (Jack Dempsey's cook) was secured to roast pork just as it is done by the Hawaiians, and the menu consisted of roast pork, sliced bananas, pineapples and cider. We were told it was a Feast Day on which The Hawaiians do not eat bread. Prizes and Hawaiian leis were given to the winners in the games.

The Committee in charge all co-operated enthusiastically with Mr. Rothert in presenting this novel and successful entertainment for which they deserve much credit.

The Athletic Club of the Deaf early in November moved to new and larger quarters in the old Chamber of Commerce building on South Broadway near Second Street. Many of the deaf who have visited Los Angeles will remember this building in which was displayed the great collection of California fruits, vegetables and other products. The Anniversary Ball of the A. C. D. will be held on November 20th, at Masonic Temple, corner of Pico and Figueroa Streets.

Miss Annabelle Kent, the charming and gifted authoress of "Around The World In Silence," entertained for twenty-five ladies at a very prettily appointed luncheon, at the private hotel where she lives in Pasadena, on November the fifth. The tables were arranged to form a square, in the hollow center were placed vases of chrysanthemums giving the effect of a sunken garden. The favors of gay orange crepe paper added to the pretty color scheme, not omitting to mention the bright faces of the guests, who came from Los Angeles, Venice and Hollywood. After luncheon they adjourned to the big living room and shuffled clubs, spades, diamonds and hearts in that ever fascinating game of "500." Prizes were won by Mrs. Morton Sonneborn and Mrs. Howard, daughter of Mrs. L. Waddell. Miss Kent, a former New Yorker, of recent years spends most of her time in Pasadena and Los Angeles, where she has a large circle of friends.

Sometime ago I mentioned the experiments made on the radio in San Francisco in the attempt to make Helen Keller hear. A newspaper even went so far as to publish the account with the heading "Helen Keller hears over the radio." We deaf cannot protest enough at the publication of all such misleading reports. But it seems within the bounds of probability that the deaf will "see" over the radio, according to an article published in *Popular Mechanics Magazine* for November. It is entitled "Radio Vision of the Future: Experiments Forecast the Time When You Will Both Hear and See by Wireless." An illustration shows a young lady demonstrating "the deaf and dumb language," which reflection is caught by big camera lens, projected through the revolving lens, changed to electricity and broadcast. We will quote a few para-

graphs. "The attachment of a special lamp to the radio-vision machine of C. Francis Jenkins, whereby a living subject is illuminated, signifies that a dancer, speaker or other personality may now be seen as well as heard by radio. The Jenkins laboratories, having recently successfully demonstrated the transmission and reception by radio of a Dutch windmill from a standard motion-picture film, it was but a single step to the sending and receiving of the direct image of a living subject. "Now it is possible to place a person before a motion-picture camera and transmit the likeness of this individual by radio with quite the facility that a scene from a motion-picture film is sent and received by the invisible radio waves."

"When the radio service to the eyes has been developed to the extent now attained by radio service to the ear, a new era will, indeed, have been ushered in, when distance will no longer prevent our seeing our friend as easily as we hear him."

"The radio-vision machine, transmitting and receiving living and moving objects, will come to the fireside as a fascinating teacher and entertainer, without language, literacy or age limitation; a visitor to the old homestead with photoplays, the opera, and a direct vision of world activities, without the hindrance of muddy roads or snow blockades, making farm life still more attractive."

Looking over some framed verses in a department store I came across an old favorite, the reply written by the Southern jurist-poet Judge Walter Malone to Senator Ingall's famous poem on "Opportunity." Personally I believe in the more hopeful and helpful sentiment expressed by the Judge, though in one sense it is of course true that in each life there may be presented some particular opportunity which never comes again. Did any of our deaf poets ever write on "Opportunity?" Wish one of them would pen something on the subject bearing in mind the woes and needs of the deaf.

Our patient publisher, Mr. Porter, will perhaps give space to these verses, just as a meditation for New Year's Resolutions. Anyway, that used to be a pastime of our forefathers, but is not so much observed in this Jazz and speed mad age.

The pessimistic strain of Senator Ingalls:

OPPORTUNITY

"Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate.
And they, who follow me, reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more."

The spirit of optimism in Judge Malone's reply:

"They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.
Wait not for precious chances passed away;
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;

To vanquished joys behind the deaf and dumb,
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet too come."

Lon Chaney, the famous character actor, known to the screen for his portrayal of grotesque or unusual roles, has written the story of his life for *Movie Magazine* for September, October and November, 1925. Most deaf people know that Chaney is the son of deaf parents and will be interested in the mention he makes of them in his interesting autobiography. It seems he has always tried to dodge interviews and this article is the reply to hundreds of questions asked about his personal life. Of his parents he says:

"My father and mother were both deaf-mutes, born without the faculty of speech or hearing. My mother's mother, Emma Kennedy, had two daughters and one son who were deaf-mutes, though she, herself, was perfectly normal. While they were still children, she became greatly interested in the problem of educating deaf-mutes and founded the Deaf and Blind Institute of Colorado, at Colorado Springs. Her daughter's husband, my uncle Hugh Harbert, was editor of the paper they got out there for many years—the *Colorado Index*.

"A great many people are inclined to pity deaf-mutes, but I have found among them some of the happiest, most contented people in the world. They are very social. Because the outside world of amusement does not distract them, they seek and find happiness in their own homes. Too many American homes of today have become merely a place in which to eat and sleep. Theatres, cafes, cabarets draw the young people—and the older ones too—from the home fireside.

"The 'night life' with which the average person is familiar, is unknown to the deaf-mutes. They do enjoy going to the theatre occasionally, for they can usually follow a play by reading the lips of the actors, but the theatre is not as popular with them as it is with those who are deprived of their hearing. Cafe life of course means nothing to them, though they do enjoy dancing in their own homes, and frequently give parties there. At their parties games of all sorts are played, and usually take up most of an evening. They get more real relaxation and amusement out of the simplest games than their more 'fortunate' brothers do out of lavish cafe entertainment. And they truly appreciate their homes.

"My father operated a big barber-shop in Colorado Springs and we were quite comfortably situated, until I was in my early teens. Then mother became invalid through inflammatory rheumatism. Father spent a great deal of money trying to obtain a cure for her and, when his funds got pretty low, he risked what he had left in an endeavor to increase his fortune. Unluckily for us, his business deals were a failure and we fell into rather straitened circumstances."

The above is a quite lengthy quotation. We might write at some length anent the amusements of the deaf, but will be content with saying that Mr. Chaney has not observed the deaf at their big conventions, club meetings, balls, etc. It is often said that we fail to see what is very close to us, so Mr. Chaney failed to mention the pleasure the deaf get out of moving pictures. It is a pleasure to note that he is making happy and comfortable the declining years of his father and second mother in Hollywood.

Movie Magazine is a new publication of which the September number was Number 1 of Volume 1. It is published at Dunellen, N. J., General Offices at 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

One person cannot read all the newspapers and maga-

Taken at Iowa School for the Deaf, Spring of 1902



First row, left to right—John W. Barrett and Wald o H. Rothert. Second row—Dr. J. Schuyler Long, Benjamin Round, Mrs. Laura McDill Bates, Supt. Alvin E. Pope and Zach. B. Thompson. Third row—F. C. Holloway, Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet, Supt. Wesley Connor and David Ryan.

zines and I am grateful when my friends now and then hand me some clipping regarding the deaf, or tell me of some magazine article about them. Mr. Edward Ould, who is a great newspaper reader handed me the following squip from the editorial column of the *Los Angeles Times*:

In England the deaf and dumb make protest against a new law which would deny them licenses to drive motor cars. Here it would seem that not only the deaf and dumb but the blind are welcomed to the highway and invited to make merry.

Mrs. Norman V. Lewis gave me a column clipping from *The Times*: "Deaf Persons Go To College," a dispatch from Washington, dated November 13. It tells of the founding and later history of Gallaudet College, giving information which is familiar to the average deaf person. Published in a great daily like the *Times* it had an educational value as it reached people who never heard of the college. It was written by Frederick J. Haskin.

Some deaf people believe the idea of founding the college originated with Dr. E. M. Gallaudet himself. Mr. Haskin writes:—"While it is thought that Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet probably believed that deaf people of good mental capacity should have an opportunity to pursue a higher education, he did not live to see his hopes realized. It remained for his youngest son Edward Miner Gallaudet to bring them to fulfillment. The younger Gallaudet saw his opportunity of carrying out his father's idea of a course of higher instruction for the deaf in a call he received in 1857 to take charge of the newly established institution for the deaf and blind in the District of Columbia."

It will be noted that Mr. Haskin makes use of the expression that it was "probably" the elder Gallaudet's idea. Some questions occur to me. Is there any printed record of what Dr. E. M. Gallaudet himself said on this subject?

Has there been published a "Life of Edward Miner Gallaudet" and, if so, when and where was it published?

Dr. Gallaudet's last visit to the Iowa School was in the Spring of 1902, shortly before the destruction of the main building by fire. The graduates and ex-es (including the writer) had a pleasant meeting with him one evening, but all could not return for the accompanying picture which was taken the next morning. Mr. Pope and Mr. Rothert were at the time teachers at the Nebraska School, Mr. Round happened to be visiting there and the others in the picture were all teachers at the Iowa School. Curiously the writer is at present on the staff of the SILENT WORKER published at the school of which Mr. Pope became Superintendent.



Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Durian and family of East Akron, Ohio. All of the children are in possession of their hearing

Windy City Observations

By THOMAS O. GRAY



OUR early New England History men as well as women wore their hair long but leave it to Lord Loudon to introduce the shingling of men's locks. He first cut his own as an example for his men to follow in order to lighten their burden of individual attention. This custom spread until it generally became universal; now the leading tonsorial shops are patronized by both sexes.

In the Deaf World we find many barbers who are very efficient attending to the wants of patrons of these parlors. We find them in all parts of the world, and, ye scribe having in mind one of these so-called shops decided to pay it a visit. Inviting the veteran founder of the Pas-A-Pas Club, Chester C. Codman who is also president of the Chicago Association of the Deaf, to accompany me

given vacations in rotation, there are several bathing beaches. The grounds of this lodge were cheerfully turned over to a picnic party of Chicago mutes taking in an excursion to the home of Mr. Oscar J. M. Thomas, the town's leading silent barbers. For years he has been doing tonsorial work in this little town and



Left to Right—Oscar J. M. Thomas, Mrs. Ella J. Thomas, Henry S. Thomas, Miss Sylvia P. Stutsman

on a trip to Round Lake, Ill., some forty miles out in the country on a trip of inspection. I concluded there ought to be sufficient material for a write-up to the SILENT WORKER. This little town of about 1500 is built on a prairie a mile south of the lake from which it derives its name. The Chicago-Madison (Wisc.) line of the "Saint Paul" Railway cuts through it and the entire lake region of the Fox River Valley, which is generally conceded to be the most popular summer resort of opulent Chicagoans.

This lake is the southernmost of a chain of lakes that extend through northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. Its shores are dotted with resorters' cottages with a large hotel occupying the southern shore. Besides the Vacation Lodge of the Armour Packing Co., which is exclusively used by employees of this concern who are



Exterior view of Mr. Thomas' Tonsorial Parlor, Round Lake, Ill.

his shop is the only one in existence thus enjoying a wide patronage.

Mr. Thomas was born in Abbeyville, South Carolina, and it was in this town that most of his boyhood days were spent. Through an overdose of strong medicine he lost his hearing. His parents sent him to the State School for the Deaf at Cedar Springs until he was graduated in 1895. Like all ambitious youths he started out in the world determined to lead an independent life. He first tried weaving, then printing, but these trades did

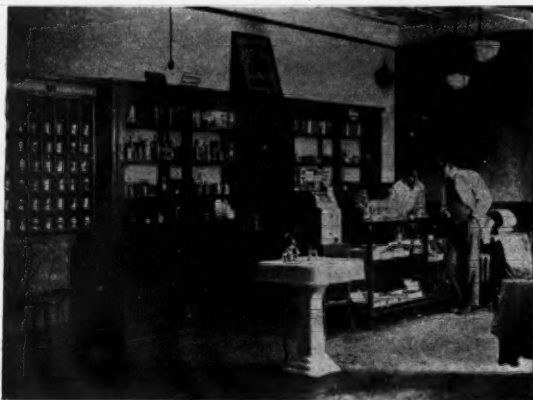


Two-chair tonsorial stand in Mr. Thomas' shop. Mr. Thomas (right) and his assistant

not appeal to his tastes. Coming to the "Windy City" in 1899 he secured employment with the Automatic Electric Company. This firm had among its employees a large number of mutes. Building telephones and electrical appliances failed to interest him, and after serving

as a "mis-fit" in intricate work for a number of years he entered Moller's Barber College. In less than a month he attained proficiency in tonsorial work and established a shop of his own on South Park Ave., then later on Western Ave. His shop proved to be a gather-

against cheaters. Here Mr. Godman broke in with a story he remembers regarding some of Thomas' tricks with which he was enabled to trap many an unsuspecting employee who thought he could take advantage of his employer's affliction:



Cigar Stand and Candy case in Mr. Thomas' shop

ing place for many Silents, among whom were some of the most prominent in the social life of the "Windy City."

His ambitions carried him to the town of Minot, N. Dakota and to Kearney, Nebraska. But these prairie "cultivators" proved to him that their chins owned stiffer bristles than the dapper dans of the metropolitan area, and, besides the irresistible lure of home and friends brought him back to the canyons of tall buildings. In 1892 he was married to Miss Ella Stutsman, a graduate of the Illinois School for the Deaf, a daughter of a Quaker family living in southern Illinois. They have one son 14 years old and a student in the Libertyville High School. He proceeded to build up a business of his own by establishing a shop at Round Lake, Ill. Mr. Thomas has had a reputation of never being under the thumb of a "Boss" barber; all his years of tonsorial work have been spent in his own business.



Rear view of Mr. Thomas' Tonsorial Parlor. A Modern pool and billard table for the convenience of waiting guests

"Whenever business called him out he never forgot to guard against imposition. Placing a number of pieces of paper for lather use upon his assistants stand and remembering the number there enabled him to check upon the contents of the money drawer. By subtracting the number used from the number placed there he was sure of the number of customers coming in during his absence. If the cash box failed to balance the remaining pieces he knew he was employing a dishonest barber, and, when the latter left he had the imprint of Mr. Thomas' boot on his seat. This was also worked in the stack of towels left for his help. Those he discharged are probably still trying to figure out how he caught them with an extra dime."

For almost twenty years this silent tonsorial artist has rented quarters in different sections of Round Lake. Being of a thrifty disposition he soon accumulated suf-



Front view of Mr. Thomas' Tonsorial Parlor

The modern cash register had just begun to be used by the rich, but the old muffin box was used for money drawers by all the barbers. They often ran risks with dishonest help who failed to cash in on work done during their employer's absence. Mr. Thomas' ingenious brain was always there with a protection to guard



Public Service Station in basement of Mr. Thomas' shop

ficient funds to purchase a lot on which he built his present shop. Through his efforts the little town of Round Lake, Ill., is the proud possessor of one of the most modern and sanitary tonsorial parlors in northern Illinois. It represents an outlay of several thousand dollars and with equipment selected from the best avail-

able makes it a popular place for those seeking tonsorial work. A modern pool and billiard table adorn its rear for the convenience of patrons waiting for their turn. A single unit hot water heater of the latest type gives uniform heat to every part of the building. Brilliant electric lights and an electric signaling system, the later



Miss Stutsman at her desk. Photo printing, developing and enlargement in basement of Mr. Thomas' shop

enables customers of the photographic department conducted in the basement by his sister-in-law, Miss Sylvia Stutsman, to receive attention without being compelled to wait, are some of Mr. Thomas' ideas of a modern shop. He is member of Chicago Division No. 1, N. F. S. D., and an all around good fellow. His new shop has attracted many new faces, among whom are some of the most wealthy and prominent residents of the summer colony around the lake, for in the old rented quarter these were rather shy of receiving attention. Now that a new and sanitary shop is at their disposal they do not hesitate to accept attention here.

Miss Stutsman is a graduate of the Illinois School for the Deaf and while at this school became interested in photography. This she continued to cultivate after leaving school. To day her work is proof of her ability. She has built up a large business in printing, developing and enlarging, and has taken many pictures of parties, or groups of picnickers, who have been out to the lake on excursion. Miss Stutsman and Mrs. Thomas are sisters of Asa Adelbert Stutsman, one of Gallaudet's famous gridiron heroes way back in the nineties.

Negro Deaf and Dumb Couple Sleeps as Home Burns

A negro deaf and dumb couple narrowly escaped death by burning when a negro house at Seversville, N. C., was destroyed by flames one early Sunday morning, recently.

Neighbors saw the fire, gave the alarm and rushed into the blazing building to awaken the occupants, Ernest and Lucinda Bost, negroes. The couple seemed bewildered, unable to understand what was taking place, but by main force they were dragged from the house and to safety.

The alarm reached the fire department at 3:35 in the morning by which time the roof was falling, so that when the firemen arrived, the building was practically destroyed. It was a four-room, frame dwelling.

All their belongings were lost. The Associated Charities stepped in, and took charge. The negro couple are separated, the woman having a job, one she has held for twenty years. Not carrying any fire insurance—to have all their furniture destroyed by the flames—put the negro woman and her three children at the end of the rope. The Associated Charities secured an old mattress, bed, pillows, etc., and gave them to the destitute family. Then they started housekeeping again.



This Belmont Theatre designed by Thomas S. Marr (Spanish design) is located in the neighborhood of Ward Belmont College, Vanderbilt University and Peabody College, in Nashville. A New York architect who saw this building considered it one of the best architecture for theatres in the U. S.

PUBLIC OPINION

By Dr. J. H. Cloud



THE UNVEILING of the Gallaudet statue replica at Hartford last September 7th, detailed in the SILENT WORKER for November, was an event of national importance celebrated in a manner predominantly local. In view of the date selected it could hardly have been otherwise. The far end of the summer seasons when vacations are over and schools reopening is not an opportune time for attracting a nationally representative gathering. The unveiling of the original statue at Washington, June 26, 1889, was a part of the program of the third convention of the National Association of the Deaf and, as such, attracted a large representative attendance. Had the unveiling of the replica at Hartford been made a sort of prelude to the convention of the N. A. D. to be held at Washington next summer, or better still to have the convention at Hartford, it would have been more in keeping with the national importance of the event.

Since the original Gallaudet statue group is one of the most artistic creations in bronze among the many to be found in the city of Washington the replica, of course, is a masterpiece of the sculptors art which will ever enhance the beauty of its surroundings at West Hartford. It was most fortunate that the sculptor,—Daniel Chester French,—who executed the original work thirty-five years previously, was able to assist in the production of the replica.

The unveiling of the replica brings definitely to a successful close a proposition that had its inception at the Colorado Springs convention of the N. A. D. in 1910. The original project was to repair the Gallaudet monument erected at Hartford by the deaf of New England in 1854. At the N. A. D. convention held at Detroit in 1920 a replica of the Washington statue was decided upon as the monument was not desired on the new site of the school at West Hartford.

The resolution of appreciation adopted by the American School Alumni at the West Hartford replica unveiling omitted the name of Dr. Olof Hanson from the list of past presidents of the N. A. D. who have rendered notable service to the cause which eventually resulted in the replica. It was during Dr. Hanson's administration, and largely due to his efforts, that the drive for funds with which to repair the original Gallaudet monument, erected in 1854, got underway and it was he who appointed the committee to see the matter through. During the administration of Dr. Hanson, which extended from Colorado Springs in 1910 to Cleveland in 1913, the estimated cost for repairing the monument, \$1500, was oversubscribed by about \$600.

Of the original committee, composed of Dr. T. F. Fox, Dr. J. B. Hotchkiss, and Mr. H. D. Drake, appointed by President Hanson in 1910, Dr. Fox and Mr. Drake served through to the end. Dr. Hotchkiss died three years ago and was succeeded on the committee by Mr. John

O'Rourke. Mr. A. L. Roberts who became president of the N. A. D. in 1923 and consequently ex-officio of the committee, had scarcely warmed the presidential chair before the replica fund was practically completed. The names of Messrs. Roberts, Fox, Hotchkiss, Drake, and O'Rourke are engraved on the pedestal of the replica much to the general disapproval of the deaf of America.

In the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* of last September 24th, and October 8th, we voiced our protest against the names of any of the committee going on the pedestal and thereby assuming the form of a permanent memorial. Our contention was that the replica was intended as a memorial of Gallaudet and of no one else and that the accident of office at the completion of the fund afforded no justification for the committee to have their names engraved on the pedestal. That we were not alone in our view point may be inferred from the following press comment:

We give full indorsement to the protest of Dr. J. H. Cloud against the action of the committee on the Gallaudet monument recently unveiled at Hartford, in causing their names to be inscribed upon the pedestal of the memorial. The propriety of such action is open to serious question. The real builders of the monument were the deaf people of the country who contributed the necessary funds. The committee were merely agents appointed to carry out the work. The deaf people of the country erected the monument to perpetuate the revered memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, not that of the committee. For the latter to have their names inscribed on the monument was, we think, an assumption of authority that was not contemplated by the body that appointed them.—*Minnesota Companion*.

The *Deaf Mississippian* quoted the foregoing under the heading: "Them's Our Sentiments." The *North Dakota Banner* does likewise, adding: "We endorse the endorsement of Dr. J. L. Smith." The *Kansas Star* reproduces Dr. Smith's editorial without comment but evidently with approval. The *Iowa Hawkeye* gives the matter the following editorial treatment:

TO GALLAUDET, OR COMMITTEE?

At Hartford, scene of the labors of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the deaf of this country, through the National Association of the Deaf, caused to be erected a bronze monument to perpetuate his memory.

Because of the prohibitory cost of an appropriate new monument, a replica of the Gallaudet Monument erected by the deaf of an earlier day at Kendall Green was decided upon. For a number of years the project lay maturing, as funds came in slowly and interest seemed to lag. Consequently, it was a momentous occasion for the committee in charge of the project when the unveiling ceremony was enacted this summer and the labor of love stood completed. Whereat all and sundry of the contributors, most of them cannot hope to see the monument, rejoiced and expressed gladness.

Now arises a cry that the committee, in its zeal, allowed the names of its personnel to be carved into the enduring stone of the pedestal supporting the bronze replica, possibly on the assumption that perpetuation of its memory along with that of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet should be the reward of its labors. If printed descriptions of the monument are correct,

then carved into the stone of the pedestal is the following legend:

Committee—President A. L. Roberts (*Ex Officio*), Thomas B. Hotchkiss, Harley D. Drake (*Treasurers*), John O'Rourke. Presuming to speak for the contributors in its territory, the *Hawkeye* voices a protest against this action of the committee, and joins its insistence to that of others that these names be removed.

The monument was financed on the proposition that it was to be to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. We cannot agree to a perversion of part of the Monument Fund and a cheapening of the replica by forcing it to perpetuate the memory of the committee. The right of the committee to thanks for its work, to all praise for its patience, industry and business ability that served to carry the monument through to completion, in short, to fitting reward, does not enter into the question.

The following editorial is from the *Michigan Mirror*:

Another feather in the cap of the National Association of the Deaf was the formal presentation to the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, Conn., in September last, of the replica statue of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

To the deaf of Michigan who contributed to the fund that made this statue possible it would have been more satisfactory, if, along with the name of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, something indicating that it was presented to the American School for the Deaf by the National Association of the Deaf had been inscribed on the pedestal, and stop there.

But the members of the committee having charge of this work thought differently. They could not resist the temptation of having their own names inscribed on it with that of the illustrious Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

Nice way to immortalize one's self?

The *Alabama Messengr* has this to say:

There has been some criticism of the inscription on the recently unveiled replica of the Gallaudet Monument that stands on the grounds of the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, Conn., and in the opinion of many of those who helped pay for the memorial the criticism is justified. In a recent issue of the Deaf-Mutes Journal Dr. James H. Cloud, who was president of the National Association of the Deaf at the Detroit Convention when the replica was decided upon by the Association, protested against the names of the committee who had charge of the funds for the erection of the memorial being inscribed on the monument inasmuch as such an inscription is misleading as to the source of the funds. In a later issue of the journal the President of the N. A. D. in defense of the action of the committee states that the names of the committee that directed the erection of the original monument in Washington are inscribed thereon. But whether the committee in charge of the Hartford replica had a precedent for its action or no, good taste demands that all superfluous names be left off such memorial—the mere statement that it came from the American deaf (not the members of the National Association of the deaf only, for others contributed their dollars toward its erection,) should be sufficient.

It is true that the pedestal of the original statue at Washington, unveiled in 1889, bears the names of Messrs. Hodgson, Froelich, and Draper who constituted the committee in charge of that project. It is also true that the action of this committee in having their names engraved on the pedestal caused such a controversy that the inscription was ordered removed. This was supposed to have been duly attended to and it was with surprise that we learned only recently that it had not been done.

However, the criticism reflected the general sentiment of the deaf of the time and the protests against committee names going on the replica pedestal reflects the sentiment of the deaf today. In both cases they are out of place and should be removed and the space devoted to something more appropriate.

Fortune never smiles on a man because he is a joke.

The fine thing about having a wife is you can lose something and ask her where she hid it.

Obituary

*Our lives contain both joys and tears!
Roth has been wedded fifty years;
Young rover Ruskin, foxy Bach,
In chubby Irene met his match;
The Sac trots out a football team;
The—"smoker" was a scream;
In sorrow hang your humble head—
Our ever-smiling Marie's dead.*



Marie Tazar Hetzel

Winsome little Marie Tazar Hetzel, for fifteen years a Chicagoan, died in Toledo, Ohio, October 5th, and was buried in Chicago on the 9th.

Chicago's "Sweet Marie" was known and loved for her ever-pleasant personality and her readiness to aid in every undertaking. She served as treasurer of the Silent A. C. Auxiliary for several years, and later was treasurer of the Sac bondholders. Two years ago, she became the bride of Ed. Hetzel, and moved to Toledo. October 2nd she gave birth to a nine-pound son, which lived only fifteen minutes. Marie died three days later of blood-poisoning. Her body was accompanied to Chicago by the bereaved young husband, and by a fine floral wreath from the Toledo division of our insurance society. Funeral Friday morning at the Skeeles-Biddle Chapel, close to the Sac, with the Rev. P. J. Hasenstab delivering the sermon, interpreted by his daughter Constance. Mortician Biddle, a personal friend of Marie's step-father, Beck, gave a short reading from the Bible and sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Pall-bearers were Messrs. Kemp, Craig, Henry, Migatz, Himmelstein and Izzy Newman. Interment in the Tazsar family lot in Waldheim.

Marie and her brother Anton moved here with their parents nearly twenty years ago, shortly after graduating from the Fanwood School in New York City.

She was famed at Fanwood for her beauty and character. In scholarship she excelled, carrying off the Montgomery Testimonial. Among her classmates were Samuel Kohn and Miss Anna Bonoff (now Mrs. Kohn), and Kate Bredemeyer (now Mrs. Lorenz Heuser).—*Chicago Cor. Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.



WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

HAVING to do with the high lights and deep shadows that we deaf people encounter as we journey through life, in the November issue I told of some of my personal experiences, mentioning Hon. Geo. B. Cortelyou and Hon. Wm. Loebs who had large parts in the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations, and I also mentioned, but not by name, Mr. Fred T. Dickerson, Secretary and Treasurer of the Central Railroad of N. J., and each of the gentlemen were sent marked copies of the article.

Each responded and their letters follow:

CONSOLIDATED GAS CO. OF N. Y.

December 4, 1925.

My dear Mr. Pach:

I have read with much interest the article of reminiscences which you sent me, and appreciate the kind personal references to which you call particular attention.

With regards and best wishes, believe me.

Very truly yours,

GEO. B. CORTELYOU.

AMERICAN SMELTING & REFINING CO.

New York, December 7, 1925.

My dear Mr. Pach:

I received the clipping from THE SILENT WORKER, which you was good enough to send me and have noted the pleasant reference to Mr. Cortelyou and myself.

I have two associates in business who are totally deaf and who are two very able men in their particular. I am daily transacting business with them without any difficulty whatever.

With best regards, and all good wishes for the coming holiday season, I am,

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM M. LOEB.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD CO. OF NEW JERSEY

December 5, 1925

My dear A. L. P.

I deeply appreciate your courtesy in writing that complimentary paragraph in my behalf, and also for your kindness in sending me a copy.

Let us hope that the illustrations you present, in the "Silent Worker" will reach the eyes and touch the hearts of men and women whose duty it is to welcome and deal with the stranger who comes within the gates, and who can at least be sent away gracefully and with some degree of satisfaction, even though he or she does not get all they came after.

Would you mind securing and sending me two additional copies of the article, for the benefit of a couple of individuals who seem to need just that sort of counsel at the present stage of their career?

Sincerely,

F. T. DICKERSON.

The great public are fooled at all time. Even senators and congressmen send out so-called speeches purported to have been delivered on the floor, that never were spoken anywhere, but go under special privileges with the lying statement that the speech had actually been delivered before one of the houses of congress. You can fool some of the people all the time, and if you go into the game of

fooling hearing people about the deaf, you have easy mark customers when it comes to credulity.

Speaking about fooling the public, take the case of Principal Elwood Stevenson, himself the son of deaf parents, and far above perpetuating a humbug, for he has a band at his school and over his own signature in a recent issue of *The Companion*, he covers the whole story of musical organizations made of boys in a school for the deaf, and the outstanding feature is in this paragraph that follows:

"At any rate let us endeavor to continue inaugurating and establishing new methods and devising better means to aid and assist the deaf, but while we are doing it let us call a spade a spade and be ready to explain and illustrate our plans and methods affording the public, new teachers, and parents, the true reasons and physical conditions surrounding and making possible such innovation.

The Minnesota School for the Deaf has a band of something like twenty pieces. Every boy in that band today has either sound perception or residual hearing. Because the possess this great asset, we have placed them in the band in order that they might receive daily stimuli through which and by which the small degree of live tissue and receptive area is kept alive and active."

It is easy to get the ridiculous about the deaf in print, and hard to get the actual results spread before the public. No newspaper editor would make room for a story about the deaf unless it was sensational. Even a deaf couple being married by a deaf minister using signs will get publicity, and a raw fake will have better chances for the front page.

Recently, here in New York some of the dailies had a story about one of the big barber shops having four deaf-mute barbers, and that they were highly esteemed by the women partners in search of bobbing experts who would work in silence. The story was wired to every corner of the land, and diligent investigation hasn't located so much as one deaf barber in New York, let alone four in one shop, though elsewhere there are deaf barbers and some fine and prosperous men among them, too.

I recently read about a noted movie producer of whom it was stated that he had learned the manual alphabet in ten minutes, which is possible, and the statement that he had acquired the entire sign language in three days, which hardly seems true, and if it is, I am not the only boob, for though I have been practicing at it for over 44 years, I haven't learned it yet, and never will, but I know others at it even longer than I have been, and as much entitled to admission to the boob class.

The kind of a boy we all would like to have is the kind of a boy a deaf mother here in New York told me of not long ago. The boy has two sisters, and the father is a self-made man, and often knew the pinches of debt in order to give his wife and children the best of every-

(Continued on page 167)

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
 GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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The New Year

Again a Happy New Year! In looking back over the old year just passed we have the usual regrets for the errors that we have unconsciously made and, conversely, we have felt elated over any indications of improvement in the SILENT WORKER over the previous year. We cannot retrace our steps and efface our mistakes from the records of Father Time, for he is the most relentless old man in the world. But we can look ahead with a greater expectancy that there will be brighter days for everybody connected with this magazine. Its new home in the new school at Trenton Junction is almost ready to occupy. It is going to be a beautiful home and everything connected with it is going to be as modern and as well equipped as the financial conditions of the state will permit.

We have, with a few exceptions, a very fine equipment already. We are still running the same two-revolution press installed over thirty years ago. It is well worn and has given most excellent service in all these years. We are now in line for a new Miehle, large enough to print eight pages of the SILENT WORKER at one impression. It will (if we are not counting our chickens before they are hatched) be self-feeding with extension delivery. With improved working conditions after we have become settled in our new home and with the continued co-operation of our large circle of friends we can safely predict a better magazine artistically, typographically and interestingly—a magazine to be proud of, one worth working for and one worthy of the support of ALL the deaf irrespective of race or creed. But our greatest ambition aside from the appearance of the magazine, is to show up the successful deaf in their various lines of work. In so doing we believe it will stimulate in those who are

not so successful a desire to advance themselves. To what extent we have succeeded in this endeavor the readers alone are the judges. And it is to the readers themselves that we depend on for assistance.

Fair To Both Sides

The Trenton Branch of the National Association of the Deaf gave a dinner at Hillwood Inn, December 12th, in honor of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. Nearly fifty people, both deaf and hearing, sat around the festive board. At the conclusion of a fine dinner President Dondiego introduced Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Senior-assistant to the Principal of the Fanwood School in New York, as the principal speaker. Dr. Fox, to the surprise of everyone spoke for nearly an hour, orally and in clear-cut signs simultaneously. The outstanding part of his address was the very fair presentation of difficulties existing between the pure-oral and combined system of teaching the deaf. He made it plain that the deaf favored giving every deaf child a chance to learn to speak and read the lips and that signs were absolutely necessary to them in adult life for religious, educational and social intercourse.

Dr. Fox was the guest of the New Jersey School where he had given a reading the previous evening on "Lady of Lyons" before the pupils. He was shown through both the old and new schools and he seemed deeply amazed at the advances in both academic and industrial instruction, but more so in the plans of the new school which he considers the nearest to perfection of any school he had ever visited.

We were all glad to have Dr. Fox with us so he could see with his own eyes the great strides the New Jersey School is making along educational, industrial and physical lines of education.

Our Uncle Samuel Has His Troubles Too

While it is generally accepted that this is not the age of miracles, nevertheless, there are thousands of patrons of the United States mails who take it for granted that Uncle Sam has many wonder-workers on his pay roll.

The very fact that there are wizards in the employ of the Post Office Department—men and women who are uncanny, to say the least, in deciphering illegible handwriting—has caused no end of trouble and expense to the government as well as to the tax-payer, along with inconvenience in the receipt and delivery of mail matter.

Yet, with all this expert handling and careful study of hand-writing on the part of the postal clerks the annual revenue from dead mail matter received by the government amounts to approximately \$300,000.

Last year, the Dead Letter Office received \$120,000 from the sale of orphaned packages which could neither be forwarded to the addresses nor returned to the senders.

because of inadequate addresses. The same office turned into the United States Treasury \$55,523.96 in cash removed from misdirected letters or found loose in the mails.

Postage stamps were taken from letters or found loose in the mails having a value of \$12,165.67, almost double the entire revenue of the postal service in 1789.

Three-cent fees collected for the return to senders of which could not be delivered totaled \$92,007.54.

But this is not the half the story. Checks, drafts and money orders, whose owners could not be located, and amounting to \$3,546,542.54 finally found a resting place in the Dead Letter Office.

For want of correct or complete addresses 21,000,000 letters were deposited in the Dead Letter Office, not to speak of 800,000 parcels which had been improperly addressed or wrapped.

Strange to say, this depositing of letters and packages in the mails with incomplete, inadequate or incorrect addresses and wrapping comes, in a large majority of cases, from those patrons who are the most liberal contributors to this branch of the United States government.

It has been estimated by the postal officials that 200,000,000 pieces of mail are given "directory service" every year, which means that employees must take time from the regular handling and despatching of mail in the endeavor to provide correct addresses for this huge volume of misdirected matter. In New York City, the cost of this service approximates \$500 every day in the year and the total amount through the country is stupendous.

While the revenue from the Dead Letter Office is sufficient to keep that branch of the postal service functioning it is not nearly enough to pay the annual toll for support of the "NIXIE".

A NIXIE is a letter or parcel so improperly addressed that it can neither be delivered to the addresses nor returned to the sender without special treatment. This special treatment costs the Post Office Department or the tax payer in the final analysis, approximately \$1,740,000 every year.

In order to lift this tremendous burden from the shoulders of the Post Office Department and on the pocketbook of the American people, the first week in June has been set aside by the Postmaster General New as "Better Mailing Week." An active, nation-wide campaign will be conducted during that period for the purpose on impressing the mailer the necessity from every viewpoint of using more care in the addressing of his mail, not only letters but parcels as well.

Smallest of the L. P. F.

The smallest monthly publication among the l. p. f. is undoubtedly the *Mission House Bulletin*, published at 4718 Clinton Avenue, Cleveland Ohio, in the interests of St. Agnes' Mission for the Deaf (Episcopal). All the information is printed in small type on a government postal card. The editor is Rev. Collins S. Sawhill.

SHELBY WYNNE HARRIS

It has become our sad duty to record the death of Shelby Wynne Harris, one of the most prominent and best known deaf men in the state of Mississippi. The termination of the life of one who had every promise of doing a world of good for his fellowmen came at the hour of eight on the morning of the 26th of November, 1925, at Sanatorium where the State Hospital for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis is located, a place Mr. Harris called his home for five years. Here did he bravely struggle against the inroads of the dreaded disease, all to no avail.

The remains were brought to Jackson in the Tom E. Taylor Undertaking Co., ambulance and prepared for burial at Cedarlawn cemetery, it being Mr. Harris' special wish that he be buried from the Mississippi School for the Deaf and that his remains be allowed to repose almost within the shadow of the school which he loved from the bottom of his heart. The funeral took place as he wished from the school on the 27th, a goodly number of people being present. The Rev. Dr. Walter B. Capers, rector of St. Andrews Episcopal Church, assisted by the Rev. H. L. Tracy, who interpreted the service in the sign language for the benefit of the many deaf people who were present to pay their last respects to their beloved friend, conducted the obsequies. One of the touching incidents of the funeral was the rendering in beautiful signs of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" by Miss Ruby Moore, Miss Sadie Stovall singing and Miss Bessie Pugh accompanying on the piano.

The pallbearers were: Richmond S. Dobyns, A. J. Sullivan, J. W. McCandless, George C. Harms, Fred W. Anderson and Leland Maxwell.

The older pupils were allowed to accompany the remains to the cemetery, where they saw the grave literally covered with an embankment of beautiful flowers, which were the gift of the M. A. D., the teachers and officers, the Lawrence and Burt Clubs, and numerous friends in the city.

Mr. Harris was born at Cleveland, Mass., October 5, 1889, and was therefore 36 years, 1 month, and 21 days old at the time of his death. He lost his hearing when three years old, spinal meningitis being the cause.

He entered the Mississippi School for the Deaf at the age of eight and remained for the ten years, graduating in 1907 at the head of his class. In the fall of that year he entered the Introductory class at Gallaudet College, where he continued his studies till he graduated in 1912 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In the fall of that year he was appointed head teacher in his alma mater and editor of the school journal, continuing as such till 1918 when failing health caused him to resign and go to Colorado in an effort to regain it, but after a stay of two years he returned to his native State and sought admission to the celebrated Sanatorium where he remained for five years.

Mr. Harris was a devotee of all sports among the pupils here and was especially interested in the members of the Lawrence Club, devoting much of his time in the club room and encouraging the members in all good work.

He never lost interest in national affairs among the deaf, remaining to the very last as a member of the National Association of Deaf, the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, and last but by no means least, the Mississippi Association of the Deaf of which he was frequently honored by being elected to responsible offices.

Shelby W. Harris is dead, but he will live in the memory of all who came under the influence of his sterling character and all will ever recall his exemplary life. His was a clear proof that the lack of hearing and speech are no bar to the deaf in the acquisition of a fine command of the English language and that priceless knowledge which we all crave to attain.—H. L. T. in *Mississippian*.

A Cocktail Canto

By HENRY P. CRUTCHER

The Deaf of Yesterday and Today

(December 31, 1925. 12 o'clock midnight.)

I



H! ring, bells, ring
From towers high;
Sound your chimes;
Peal twelve times:
Old year, good-bye,
Adieu, old thing.

II

Another year, with faltering steps and
slow,
Is disappearing where the old years go:
His form is bent and his back is freighted
With plans and hopes of man frustrated;
With maidens' sighs for charms underrated,
For lovers lost and nuptials belated;
With frantic masculine efforts to make
Both ends meet in the Santa Claus wake.

III

Oh, what a mess Old Time has made!
How sounded many knells;
How doomed the fairest girls to fade;
How scythed old sinners with his blade,
Or brought dyspepsia that vast outweighed
The tuneful dinner bells.

IV

No more the jolly hic-hic-up note
Divides the midnight air:
The Prohibishes hold the fort
And fight "mit lager beer."
No more the Frats and Nads combine
To raise a horrid din
Before a bar where hangs a sign:—
"The eats are free, come here and dine
And wash it down with gin."

V

Now all the girls roll down the stocking
Away below the knee;
They paint and pet and swear at you,
Love their smokes and homebrew, too,
Tho I won't presume to say they chew.
Nothing more is considered shocking
Excepting poverty!

VI

(January 1st, 1926. 12:01 A. M.)

Hello, New Year,
You little dear,
Hello!
I say, New Year,
You're welcome here,
Let's go!

VII

In spite of all that I have written
In pessimistic rhyme,
I true believe this world is gittin'
Better all the time.
Clearly it is growing better
In the circles of our kind,
In the merry, cheery circles,
In the esoteric circles
Of the sign.

VIII

Not long ago, remember,
The Deaf were classed as dumb;
We couldn't drive a motor
'Cause we couldn't hear it hum?
And long before the auto,
When Gallaudet was new,
The educated Silents
Were surely very few.
An educated deaf man
Was then a rarity;
State funds to him devoted
Was considered charity.

IX

Even back before that time—
Let us go back further yet—
Before there ever was a man
Like Thomas Gallaudet
The ordinary deaf man
Lived from hand to mouth,
You'd likely found him working
On the farms down South.
More often he was found
In the city's Ghettos—
How he ever made his living
The Lord only knows!
He sweated in the foundries
In ditches damp and skummy—
Wherever was a dirty job
There you'd find a Dummy.
He didn't learn a trade
For he couldn't use his head;
He couldn't read and write,
And often begged his bread.

X

But time went on as time will do
And the years they passed away,
And old time mutes'd find dreams come true
Could they but live today
And visit 'round from state to state
The million dollar schools
Exclusively to educate
Our Deaf by modern rules.

They'd find each school was well equipped
 To teach each child a trade
 Adapted to his workmanship,
 According to his grade.
 He grows to youth and graduates
 Well trained and erudite.
 They'd see he never hesitates
 To face the world and fight.

XI

He linotypes on big dailies
 And draws 'bout ten a day—
 Takes it home where his female is
 And she blows it all away.
 And he works behind the railing
 Of largest city banks;
 And you find him skillful nailing
 On the cabinet planks.
 He is observed photographing
 In the tall skyscraper;
 And he's found paragraphing
 For his own newspaper;
 He is found out at Hollywood
 In movie picture films;
 And critics say his work is good
 In the art museums.
 He is famous at athletics;
 Expert at chemistry,
 While he uses anasthetics
 To practice dentistry.
 You will find him in the pulpit
 Making mother-in-laws;
 If you go to see a prize-fit
 You'll find him smashing jaws.
 You will find him hewing granite
 Into epitaphs and "sich;"
 Ev'rywhere about this planet
 You find him getting rich.

XII

And so, I could go on, my friends,
 Forever and a year,
 Relating how the deaf can do
 Everything but hear.

I have tried to show as briefly
 As I could, by contrast
 How we all are faring better
 Than we did in the past.

O! we have climbed from a deep abyss—
 There's lots of climbing still;
 If we would have the clearest views
 We must reach the top o' the hill.

We Deaf must work in unison
 This year of 'twenty-six
 And resolve to stick together
 Like walls of mortared bricks.

And now, that I have finished up
 My arguments intense,
 I wonder just how many will
 Agree to my comments?

XIII

Well now, my friends, that you have read
 So patiently
 My dithyrambic rhyme,
 Aren't we having, as I have said,
 (Oh, please agree!)
 "A much better time?"

XIV

Yes, indeed, 'tis whole lots better
 In the circles of our kind,
 In our cherry, merry circles,
 In our esoteric circles
 Of the sign!

XV

L'envoi

And now, goodbye, I leave this page
 A perfect wonder of my age (?).
 I know that most will stamp and yell:
 "Crutcher's *stuff*, it reads like"—well—
 Like a place where there is no ice
 (I won't say where, for it ain't nice.)
 I hope a few will clap and sign:
 "His *po-et-tree*, it is divine!
 ('Twill satisfy the man o' me
 And gratify my vanity.)
 But if, alack, you jeer at me
 And ridicule my *po-et-tree*
 And say that I deserve the "can"
 I'll sass you back: "So's your old man!"

With the Silent Workers

(Continued from page 163)

thing from clothes to education and home. One item bothered the family, and that was a debt of \$200 that was often discussed, but always stuck. The boy got employment out of school hours, and turned in his earnings except what he seemed to need for his own use, and at the end of a few months, he electrified the family by turning over to his father \$200 he had saved through not spending a cent of what he was rightly entitled to for his own needs. I have had deaf parents tell me exquisite things about their children, but I think this little story is farthest north in anything of the kind I ever came across in the deaf world. It isn't hard to predict what sort of a future is in store for a boy like that.

Book Review

WORKING MANUAL OF CIVICS by Milton Conover. Published by The John Hopkins Press, Baltimore. Price 75 cents.

This is a supplementary aid that can be used with any textbook and aims at leading the student into the practical fields of actual government. It contains full and detailed bibliographies at the end of chapter offering each student an opportunity to go into the subject as deeply as he cares to. The Manual is intended for high schools, colleges, and other nature students of Civics.

We like spring better than we like fall because you can't make cranberry shortcake.

PRE-CONVENTION TALKS

By MILES SWEENEY

(Secretary N. J. Branch N. A. D.)

PLANS for the third bi-ennial convention of the New Jersey Branch of the National Association of the Deaf are well nigh completed. The event will be held in Trenton on February 20-21-22, 1926. The burden of entertaining and accommodating visitors will, of course, be assumed by the Trenton Branch. Chairmen of the various local committees are as follows: reception and dance, Mr. Hansen; movies, Mr. Porter; basketball, Mr. Moore; publicity, Mr. Sweeney; hotel accommodations, Miss Sterck for ladies and Mr. Dondiego for gentlemen.

It is not likely that there will be much doing on Saturday, February 20, the first day of the convention, until the evening, when a reception and dance will be held at the Republican Club hall. This place is located on 139 East Hanover Street, just opposite the Young Women's Christian Association, whose cafeteria will doubtless prove handy. Suggestions as to how to spend the day are hereby offered. You may visit your friends in Trenton, if you have any; or you may visit the old school on Hamilton and Chestnut Aves.; or you may go sightseeing around the historical old town. At any rate, few visitors are expected during the day, as many will be working. The real opening of the convention, therefore, begins on the evening of February 20.

Sunday, February 21.—Religious services and perhaps lectures in the morning; a pilgrimage to the new school in the afternoon; and in the evening, N. A. D. movies. The religious services, the lectures and the movies will all be held at the old school.

Washington's Birthday will have business in the morning, a basket-ball game in the afternoon, and a final entertainment in the evening. The Trenton Y.M.C.A. is the place where the business part will be transacted. The Y. M. C. A. has also kindly allowed the free use of its "gym" for the basketball game between teams representing the New Jersey School and Fanwood, the winner of which contest will receive a handsome trophy. The great convenience of the place is evident from its being located on the corner of State Street and Clinton Ave., only a few minutes' walk from the P. R. R. station. Officially, the convention is supposed to end with the basketball game, but, since the authorities at the old school have graciously offered to entertain us in the evening, we must needs accept.

On the whole, our aim is to make the convention a simple affair, with pleasure predominating over business. The average convention displays an over-elaborateness that is wearisome to both actor and witness. In such cases brevity is a blessed relief. Accordingly, we intend to crowd all official business into the space of one morning, and get through it with vigor and dispatch. Thus do we mean to handle a distasteful but necessary part of any convention. The rest is pleasure and recreation.

How long are the 1,000 deaf of the state going to remain scattered? Concentration means power and success. Dispersion is just as good as nothing, from a power standpoint. Steam dispersed will not work; confined, it will move almost anything. The rays of the sun when scattered make but a faint impression; when focused they burn up things. A burning glass applied to your hand before the sun is a familiar illustration of the

power of concentration. In like manner, 1,000 deaf persons banded together for a common purpose will accomplish far more than the same number scattered or else divided into small groups with no connection whatsoever.

It is within our power to lift ourselves up to a higher plane of existence, to have our rights better respected, to dispel ignorance and prejudice, to multiply opportunities for profit and improvement. All we have to do is get together and, with a single-mindedness, work for those desired ends. Being divided in small independent groups is indeed better than nothing, but it is doing good in a small way. A multiplicity of faint impressions cannot match one powerful effect, any more than a million zeros can ever equal the number one.

But when deaf societies having the same common interests remain divided for the purpose of antagonizing one another the height of folly is attained. The pig sty befits such conduct. It is one sure thing to keep us all down. To co-operate requires no more effort than to impede, but what a world of difference they make; the former elevates, the latter degrades. We deaf have enough opposition from other sources to reckon with, so let's quit that stupid practice of quarreling among ourselves. It is bad policy, and never pays.

The New Jersey Branch of the National Association of the Deaf was organized in 1920 as part of a general movement to bring the American deaf together. This movement, it must be confessed, has fallen down considerably of late all over the country. But it is bound to revive any time. It has a vitality that will not down. The idea is of tremendous significance but not yet sufficiently appreciated. It can bide its time, and the future generations are sure to embrace the opportunity to get it over the top unless we wake up now and beat them to it.

The transformation of the American deaf from an incoherent to a coherent whole has so much grandeur in it and is pregnant with so much good that we should bend every effort to make it possible. New Jersey is doing her part—let the rest of the states come across. Wanted: men of vision and courage. They are few it is true, but that suffices. One man changed the destiny of America. When Franklin was in England trying to patch up differences, and Jefferson was writing to friends in England urging conciliation, and Washington was solemnly disavowing any sentiment of disloyalty to the king, Thomas Paine alone boldly declared for the union of the colonies and separation from England. And forthwith America from a British province became the mightiest nation on earth. One man—Abraham Lincoln—kept America united. One man will possibly unite the American deaf. Let him come forth. The sooner the better.

All bathing suit designers must be from Missouri.

Boston barber says dentist pulled out his mustache. This may be fun, but it isn't healthy.

Summer is worse than winter. You can't throw a little ice on the grate and keep the room cool.



WASHINGTON-1926 N.A.D. CONVENTION

By Henry J. Pulver

Photographs by Henry Austin

A WORD TO THE WISE

FOR NEARLY a year now we have been drumming up interest in the Washington Convention. We have been wriggling our fingers and toes, writing ream after ream of publicity stuff, and fairly dinning it into your ears. With obstinate perseverance we have been calling your attention to the Convention. Now we beg to assure you, gentle reader, that we haven't been doing all this for our health. Nor has it appealed to us as a recreation. Offhand, we can think of any number of indoor sports less trying to the temper and more soothing to the soul than pounding out publicity on a typewriter, a mechanism possessing all the perversity to which mortal flesh is heir, and thus fiendishly calculated to ruin one's hopes of salvation. Personally, we would prefer to sit in our easy chair and think, or just sit, rather than grind out our monthly tale of written words. Our single sole and only object

rational education, and in the equality of the adult Deaf with the Hearing before the law, they are equally taxed to support, should be at the Convention, and sit in one of the front seats.



D. A. R. Continental Hall



White House in Winter

has been to put you hep to a good thing,—the WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

Do not underestimate the importance of this Convention. It is not going to be a merely local event, but one of great national significance. Due to the fact that the N. A. D. will meet in Washington, and to the unique nature of the Convention, it will arouse the interest of many news syndicates and press correspondents having headquarters here. In consequence, it will go upon the wires as copy of first importance, and will be featured in the newspapers throughout the land.

Another point that should interest YOU is that the Convention will be truly national in scope, or we should say, rather, *international*, for there will be delegates not only from all parts of the U. S., but from foreign lands as well. Moreover, the Convention will deal with many social and industrial problems affecting the Deaf everywhere, such, for instance, as the elimination of adverse auto legislation, and thus prove of vast importance to the welfare of all the Deaf.

Every man and every woman who is interested in the civic equality education, and industrial and social progress of the Deaf should attend the Convention, and take an active part in its deliberations. Everyone who believes in the God-given right of the Deaf child to a thorough and

THE HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

The Local Committee has scored another center shot. With the concurrence of the N. A. D. Executive Committee, it has selected the splendid New Willard Hotel as Headquarters for the Convention.

To native Washingtonians, the above bare announcement will suffice. But for the benefit of others, we will tell what it means. The New Willard is by long odds the grand mogul of Washington's hotelries, the hotel than which "there ain't nothing else but" in the National Capitol. What the Traymore is to Atlantic City or the Biltmore to Gotham or the Sherman to Chicago,—that's what the Willard is to Washington.

The Willard is and has been the home of many of the "big-guns" of the nation,—Senators, Supreme Court Justices, and so-on. Practically all the recent Vice-Presidents, including "Hell-and-Maria" Dawes, have resided there. It is a common saying in Washington that more laws are made in the Willard than in the Capitol. Many



Memorial Amphitheatre from west, Arlington National Cemetery

people would be surprised to learn how much important legislation, effecting the happiness and well-being of millions of Americans has won by the turn of a card, in some private suite at the Willard, as the gray dawn was creep-

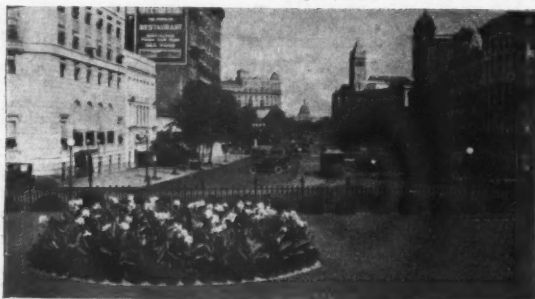
ing in. The Willard is the resort of fashion and beauty and politics and diplomacy, of fair women and smart men. At the Willard, our convention guests will find that "all the world's a show," and will sit in grandstand seats while the procession of all that's doing in American life passes by.

The New Willard offers us unrivaled facilities for our Convention. It possesses a beautiful and spacious lobby where old friends can congregate and journey back together thru starlit mists to old schools, and old towns, and old memories of days gone by. Here also the amorous can meet the one woman, (or, perchance, the only man,) and begin negotiations for the inevitable, "I will's."

The Willard enjoys a most favorable location at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, which has aptly been called the Appian Way of America. The Treasury, the White House, the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, and most of the other show-places of Washington are within easy hoofing distance. It is in the midst of the shopping and theatrical district, is easy of access by street-cars, bus and shoe-leather, and is surrounded by lesser hotels and grub emporiums of every class and kind and variety. Taken all in all than the New Willard, no better choice could be made in the way of a Headquarters Hotel.

ALL WASHINGTON IN LINE

Washington presents a solid lineup for the success of the Convention. It is to be a great gathering of the Deaf of all nationalities and faiths, on a great common ground of similar interests and aims, working together for the things that are nearest to the hearts of the Deaf everywhere. And so all Washington is behind it. The Church Organizations, whether Protestant or Catholic, the N. A. D. Branch the N. F. S. D., the Alumni Association of Gallaudet College, and all other organizations of the Washington Deaf are working together with a zest and enthusiasm that warms up the cockles of one's heart. All are in the good work up to the neck, and are determined to hock Grandad's whiskers, if necessary, to make the Convention one



Pennsylvania Avenue from Treasury

howling, glorious success. Rely upon it, the Convention is going to go over, and it is going to go over BIG.

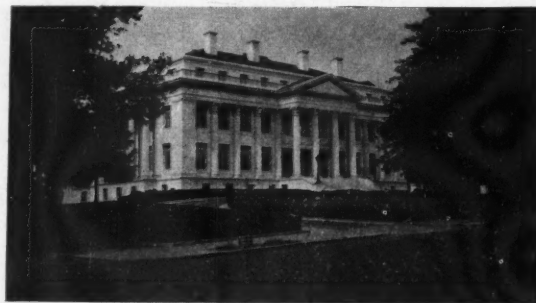
Come and see for yourself!

AT YOUR SERVICE

The Washington Local Committee has taken unto itself the duties of a Service Bureau. We are here to *serve* you, and we don't mean maybe. So set us to work. If there is anything you wish to know about the Convention, whether as to program, transportation, or hotel accommodations, or anything else, write us, and we will give you what you ask for, if it is in our power to give. We want to help you. We want to make your Convention visit the most enjoyable event of your life. Ask us. At your service!

Prof. Frederick H. Hughes (Kendall Green, N. E., Washington, D. C.) is in charge of hotel accommodations. All inquiries addressed to him respecting the reservation of rooms and the like will receive prompt and satisfactory attention. Give him a chance to serve you.

Inquiries of a general nature should be addressed to the Secretary of the Local Committee, Mr. Wilbert P. Souder, who hangs up his hat at 316 E. Capitol Street, Wash-



Headquarters American Red Cross

ington, D. C. While he is a muchly busy man, he will extend courteous treatment to all inquiries. Try him.

Now let us warble once more that touching old refrain, entitled,

N. A. D. CONVENTION
WASHINGTON
AUGUST 9-14, 1926

HENRY J. PULVER,
Publicity Agent



Doris M. Myers, B. A., of Niagara Falls, N. Y., graduate of the High School Department of the Rochester School, first deaf woman to graduate from the University of Rochester



ATHLETICS

Sporting news of, by, and for the deaf will be welcomed by this department.

Edited by F. A. MOORE



PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTE—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL

In an interstate school contest for the football supremacy of the East, the Pennsylvania Institute Deaf grid-ders ran roughshod over the light but plucky eleven representing the New Jersey School for Deaf at the former's field on October 17th with the final count 40-0.

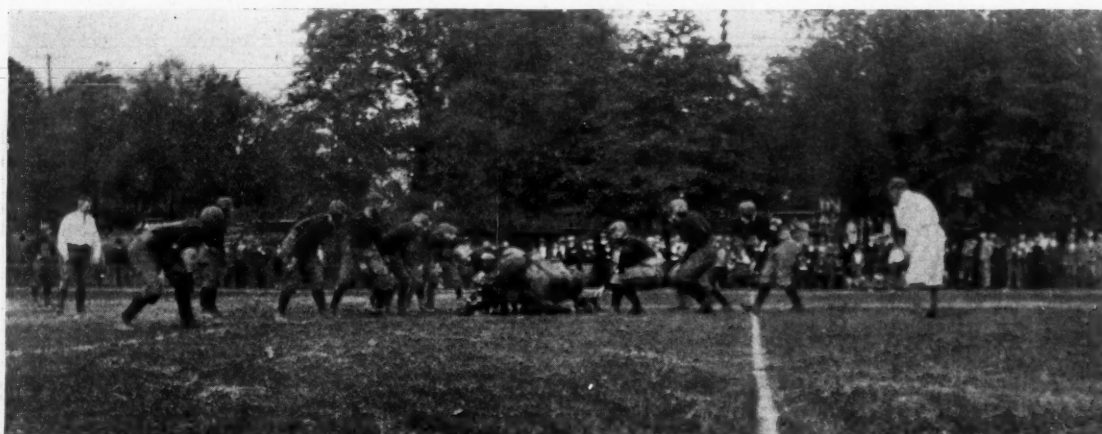
The Jersey boys made a game fight against the powerful onslaughts of their opponents, but once the lads of Pere Penn scored, the outcome of the game was never in doubt. The Mt. Airy team had tallies registered in every period.

As a driving wedge, Capt. Yiengst of P. I. D. was an important factor in his team's offensive until injury sent him to the sidelines. Mahon, his teammate, also featured prominently with a sensational 55yds run for a touchdown

in the second period. He also executed a pretty aerial heave into the arms of Urofsky who dashed twenty yards for a touchdown.

THE LINE UP

PENNA INSTITUTE	NEW JERSEY SCHOOL
Seward	L. E. Corello
Gardiner	L. T. Hoberman
Grinnell	L. G. Roskya
Morrow	C. Pernazza
Franack	R. G. Coene
Hovanec	R. T. Lisnay
Urofsky	R. E. Johnson
Cohen	Q. B. Dondiego
Mahon	L. H. B. Kohler
Potter	R. H. B. Capasso
Yiengst	F. B. Pappine



Ball in P.I.D. possession on New Jersey's 30 yd line.

THE AKRON SILENTS

The Akron Silent Football Team for the next year 1927 will be reorganized into a businesslike organization and will be playing purely professional games.

The manager would like to hear from any mutes in U. S. A. at this time in order to make preparations for the next year team.

The requirements for this proposed team is that the mute player must be under 27 years old and to weigh around 175 to 200 lbs. Must have football experience, and of sound physical condition. Must have fairly good education.

This team will be affiliated with the National Professional Football Club and every player must sign a contract with the manager for the season and play according to the strict rules of the National Club.

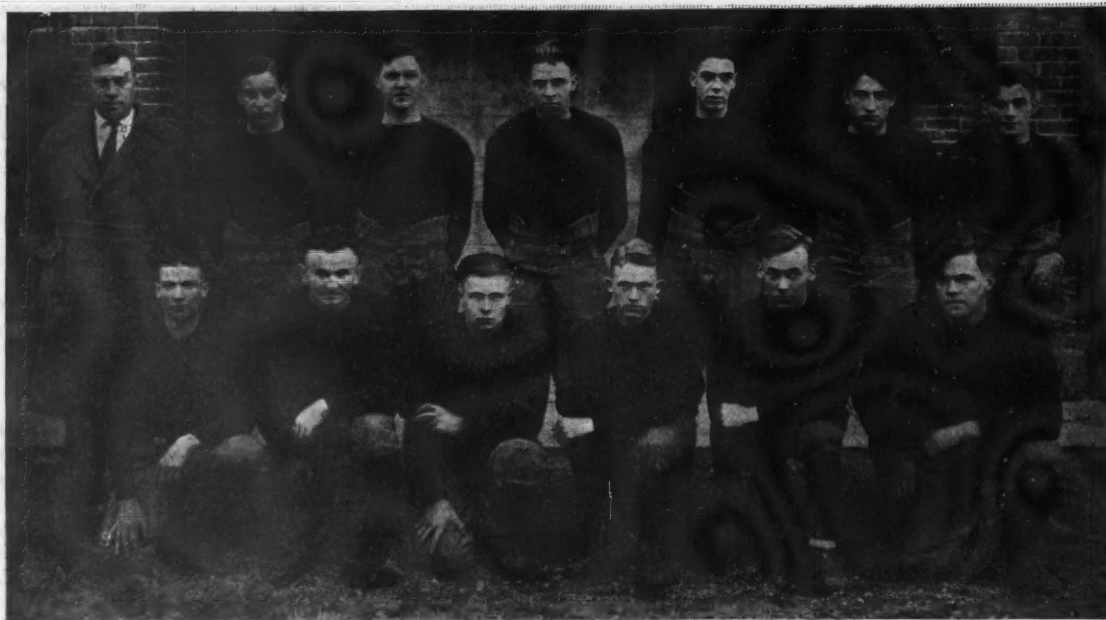
The players shall report to Akron about August 15th

and give his whole time to the football till December 15th. He shall not work at any other trades as he shall be out to practice everyday under a nationally known coach.

The players shall receive a salary of about \$75.00 a week and extra money depending on the game receipts, etc. The players will be insured from injuries at the rate of \$300.00 a month and a hospital allowance of \$450.00 a month.

Any deaf players who would like to try out for this team should write the manager at once and give him their ages, weight, positions played, name of schools or college teams played on, newspaper clippings of their playing etc. All information will be treated strictly confidential. After the candidates for the team are reviewed by the manager, the players will be instructed when and where to report.

Write to K. B. Ayers, Manager 1927 Akron Silents-Football Team, 1795 Malasia Road, Akron, Ohio.



SHELTON, WASHINGTON, H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM

The impressive individual on the extreme left of the back row is none other than our friend, Dewey Deer, a once famous fullback of Gallaudet and the Goodyear Silents. He now holds the distinction of being one of the very few deaf men to coach hearing teams. The Shelton team under his tutelage is making quite a reputation as a winner.



An Incident at "Folly's" Double-200 Camp last Summer. Puzzle:—Find Ted Griffing

If you would learn human nature, become an athlete.

o—o—o

The athlete who cannot control himself in the face of defeat is not worthy the name of an athlete.

o—o—o

OTTO WILLIAM LORENZ

Otto William Lorenz was educated at the Illinois school. He is now a resident of Chicago. In 1914 he was tried out as a pitcher by Hughe Jennings of the Detroit Tigers, and by Branch Rickey of the St. Louis Americans in 1915. Both wanted to farm him with strings attached, but Lorenz declined as his union pay exceeded hush-league salaries, and he also made nice money pitching week-end Chicago league games.



Otto William Lorenz

National Association of the Deaf

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*, 358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

O. W. UNDERHILL, *First Vice-President*
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, *Second Vice-President*
17 Lucile Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



THOMAS F. FOX, *Board Member*
99 Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. City.

J. W. HOWSON, *Board Member*
California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

EDW. S. FOLTZ, *Board Member*
School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas.

Organized 1800. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf



THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION THE DEAF at this time of the year takes occasion to reaffirm old pledges and to record new ones. In this connection we herewith restate the objectives and hopes of the organization.

Founded in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1880, by a small group of enterprising, far-sighted deaf men for the purpose of serving the welfare of the Deaf, and handed along from administration to administration, until now it is in the hands of the present officers, the Association has grown into a large, influential corporate body.

The present administration aims to give to the members service in consonance with the ideals of the founders.

To hasten this expansion, we urge and shall work for the following program:

Co-operation of national, state and local organizations of the deaf to carry out the objects of the Association.

The elimination of unjust liability, compensation, and traffic laws.

The establishment of State and National Labor Bureaus.

Equal rating with others in Civil Service.

The removal of unfair prejudice against the deaf in the matter of employment.

The classification of our schools as educational institutions, the same as the Public schools and State universities.

The elimination of that misleading and obnoxious word **dumb** from the corporate titles of our schools.

Co-operation in the improvement, development, and extension of educational facilities for Deaf children.

Encouragement of the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the deaf, the adoption of such methods to the need of the individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all.

The preservation of the sign-language.

The education of the Public as to the deaf.

The enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil—hearing persons posing as deaf-mutes.

The elimination of politics from schools for the deaf.

Legislation to compel medical practitioners to report all cases of deaf children up to the age of 16 met with in the course of their practice.

The unprejudiced application of State truant laws to deaf children under the age of 16, the same as is applied to hearing children.

A substantial increase in the Endowment fund of the Association so as to hasten the time when the Association can employ paid officials who can devote their entire time to its affairs. TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS is the goal set before the Washington convention.

The completion of the De l'Epee fund.

The National Association of the Deaf is an organization created to be of useful service to ALL the deaf. It is not an organization for any class, clique, party, or individual. The present Administration pledges itself to keep the Association free from all entanglements that might tend to impair its freedom to act for the good of ALL the deaf at any time. This

being so, and in order to enable the Association to attain its highest development, the Administration not only believes that co-operation is its due, but that it is the sacred obligation of the deaf to co-operate.

If any organization has the right to look forward with confidence as that which inspired its founders, it is the National Association of the Deaf.

F. A. MOORE, Sec'y-Treas.

THE N. A. D. WISHES YOU AND YOURS A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR 1926

LOOKING back over the year that is past, the National Association of the Deaf views with gratification the many achievements, worthy of its name and prestige.

It takes pride in the fact that this success is due in a great measure to the hearty co-operation of the members, whose loyal support, and whose appreciation of the Administration's efforts to fulfill its obligations, is a source of great satisfaction and encouragement.

A new year is before the Association; it is looking forward with great expectations. There's a spirit of enthusiastic optimism dominating this great organization, which augurs well for success in days to come.

The Association asks for your continued co-operation.

The National Association of the Deaf expresses the hope that the year will bring much happiness and prosperity to you and yours.

DE L'EPEE MEMORIAL STATUE COMMITTEE

Report No. 45

Report, September 18, 1925.....\$6,392.67

Collectors

Sol. D. Weil, Buffalo, N. Y.	47.25
Samuel Frankenheim, N. Y.	31.75
	\$6,471.67
Less expenditures	34.76
	\$6,436.91

Total Fund Contributions

Sale of donated cigars	\$3.00
Mrs. Rosine Siegfried, Buffalo, N. Y.	2.00
Members' dues N. Y. Branch of N. A. D.	1.00

Patrons, \$1.00 Each

Genevieve Cloose, Adam Barzynski, E. J. Quinn, T. Hinchey, Billy J. Laczynski, Eli Klein, Fanny Hutchins, J. M. Allen, W. W. Johncox, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hanneman, P. W. Norton, Mrs. P. W. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. L. Seelbach, Mrs. M. Ernst, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Coughlin, G. J. Klein, Mrs. G. J. Klein, Frank Beyer, J. Rupprecht, all of Buffalo, N. Y.; Marcus L. Kenner and Jos. L. Call, Jos. F. Graham, Paul F. Murtaugh, Elizabeth Malloy, Mrs. J. Katz all of New York.

Members, 50 Cents Each

Thos. E. Hunt, J. A. Ryan, B. Lascale, L. H. Cylka, Ed. Flynn, W. E. Murphy, Wm. R. Kluge, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Slattey, Mr. and Mrs. M. Schwlager, Mr. and Mrs. C. Strittmatter, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Spahn, Frances Freeborn, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Freund, Chas. Abramson, Paul Tuttle, Florence Knorr, all of Buffalo, N. Y.; J. M. Koehler, Penn., J. M. Ebin, N. Y.

Contributors, 25 Cents Each

W. A. Clemen, H. L. Welber, Jr., C. O'Connor, J. J. Rzepecki, W. Heidle, J. E. Pontius, F. Nowak, J. Koszarcki, A. J. Basha, G. Knorr, A. Lerner, W. M. Smith, Margurite N. Nantes, Catherine Smith, H. C. Zink, R. A. Martina, M. Milan Mack, W. Myles, J. J. Coughlin, A. Rybaren, Bill O'Brien, L. L. Bush, H. Brannen, M. Gorenfeld, C. Mankenicz, E. Bodecke, L. Wanut, Mrs. B. M. Goldstein, J. Majewski, F. Prins, J. Landberg, B. A. Lata, Mrs. H. Grover, A. L. Jones, L. P. Granaham, F. Murray, J. M. Burmeister, W. A. Fitzpatrick, Tillie Riley, Josephine Mead, E. L. Morin, Ovid Cohen, Edna MacClurg, W. Klein, Annie Eckert, L. M. Ueblacki, M. Scherf, Rita Kronenberger, Mrs. M. Auld, M. J. Krasinski Mary C. Hinchey, A. Gaeta, Ella M. Neal, Clara Owezarszak, S. Trapasso, J. J. Knorr, Mrs. J. Schlageter, C. L. Parlour, J. Matthais, W. Flynn, L. Grembeth, J. Kelly, V. Checker, D. L. McGee, M. H. Nowak, J. Krusiona, Mrs. J. K. Cogswell, L. Hoffman, all of Buffalo, N. Y.; Harry E. Dixon, S.

Dime Contributions by Members of the Deaf-Mute Union League

F. Florentine, 70 cents; S. Nadler, H. Glosten, E. Souweine, M. Miller, J. F. Graham, Mrs. J. F. Graham, I. Koplowitz, J. Mortiller, H. C. Kohlman, 50 cents, each; Lester Cohon, L. J. Hyams, M. Weinberger, S. Lowenherx, 30 cents each, I. Levy, L. Uhlberg, M. Wissotzky, H. Hoffman, L. Steinberg, A. C. Bachrach, I. Mirbach, G. Dlugatch, D. Polinsky, H. Stoner, E. Kerner, L. Vincig, 20 cents each; R. Kobrien, F. Muhlfeld, J. Seltzer, L. Epstein, P. Lieberman,

H. Hersch, H. Shapiro, S. Paul, M. Seaman, L. W. Borowick, A. Mirabuloff, I. G. Moses, 10 cents each.
Total Fund\$6,436.91
November 28, 1925.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,
Treasurer.

18 West 107th Street, New York City.

OF INTEREST TO THE DEAF IN GENERAL:

John Fryer
Professor Emeritus
Oriental Languages and Literature
University of California
Berkeley, California

November 29, 1925

The National Association of the Deaf,
Trenton, New Jersey.

Dear Sirs:

I am trying to arrange for a Department for the Deaf Chinese in connection with my Institution for the Chinese Blind at Shanghai of which my son and his wife are Superintendents.

Any reports or literature of your Association or the titles of any books you can recommend that will explain the different systems in use among the various schools for the Deaf in this or other countries would be greatly appreciated by

Yours sincerely,
JOHN FRYER.

School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.
December 3, 1925

Mr. John Fryer, Professor Emeritus,
Oriental Languages and Literature,
University of California,
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Sir:

We are in receipt of your letter of November 29th requesting information on literature and books which will explain the different educational methods by which the deaf are taught.

We are forwarding to you under separate cover a copy of the American Annals which contains a list of the various methods of instruction now in use in this country. One of these methods or systems is the combined system which this Association has always favored. It embraces all the approved methods of instruction. By its use the method is fitted to the child, and not the child to the method.

This office regrets that it is not in possession of the necessary books from which you can secure detailed information of each method. However, we believe such can be secured from the editor of the Annals.

There is a school for the deaf at Chefoo, China. We are sending you its 1924-25 Year Book. You might be able to secure information on methods of instruction for Chinese deaf children from Miss A. E. Carter, the Principal.

We hope the above information will be of some help to you. If we can be of future service to you, please do not hesitate to ask us.

The N. A. D. is an organization which works for the welfare of the Deaf. We are pleased to know of your efforts, and those of your son and his wife, along the same line. We know that the deaf will be pleased to hear of the success of your school in Shanghai.

Very Sincerely yours,

FREDERICK A. MOORE
Secretary-Treasurer

To The Members of The National Association of The Deaf

As chairman of the Law Committee of the Association, I extend to members a cordial invitation to present to the Committee either directly or through the press, suggested amendments to the laws of the Association. Of course it is presumed that these amendments will have in view the strengthening of the Association and its up-building for the future. Many are convinced that the Association needs a home office with well paid employees executives. Some would like to incorporate the plan of defraying the expenses of delegates to conventions. The question arises as to how these arrangements may be financed. Some believe that dues should be raised. Others believe that the income from a large endowment fund is the most feasible plan. At present the Association has two ways of increasing the Endowment Fund. There is the \$10.00 received from every life member. This \$10.00 goes into the Fund and only the income from it may be used for current expenses. Then there is the graduated scheme of fees, whereby when the Endowment Fund reaches the sum of \$10,000, the present initiation fee is increased from \$1.00 to \$2.00, and the yearly dues are reduced from 50 cents to 35 cents; when the Fund reaches \$30,000, initiation fees become \$3.00 and dues 20 cents; when the Fund passes the \$40,000 mark, fees are \$4.00 and dues 10 cents; and finally upon the Fund reaching \$50,000, dues are abolished and initiation fees are \$5.00. Thus at this time a life membership is practically \$5.00. This latter plan has never been tried because the Fund has not reached \$10,000, but it will come into play shortly.

Do you believe that the second plan of reducing yearly dues and increasing initiation fees as the Endowment Fund increases is a good incentive for increasing the Fund? If the convention at Washington succeeds in putting over the first \$10,000, will other conventions follow suit? Or is the plan too cumbersome and should it be modified or done away in favor of the \$10.00 life membership idea? Do you think that we could with the income from a \$50,000 Endowment Fund maintain a home office?

Do you think our present law reading "voting by proxy being permitted absent members in good standing," should be changed?

Should our Association be enlarged to include members from Canada?

These and other questions concerning the guidance of our Association should furnish food for thought of individual members, and should form plenty of material for discussion in local branches of the N. A. D. As the Committee must make its report in time for publication at least sixty days before the date of the next convention, time is very short for suggestions to be sent through the Committee. However, changes in the laws may be made from the floor of the convention, the only difference being that then a four-fifths vote is needed in contrast to the two-thirds vote necessary for passage of amendments coming through the Law Committee.

As its articles of incorporation state, the National Association of the Deaf has been striving for years towards advancing the welfare of the deaf and any proposed changes in the laws of the Association should always have that objective uppermost in mind.

J. W. Howson, *Chairman*
Committee on Laws

2915 Regent Street, Berkeley, Calif.

Resolutions

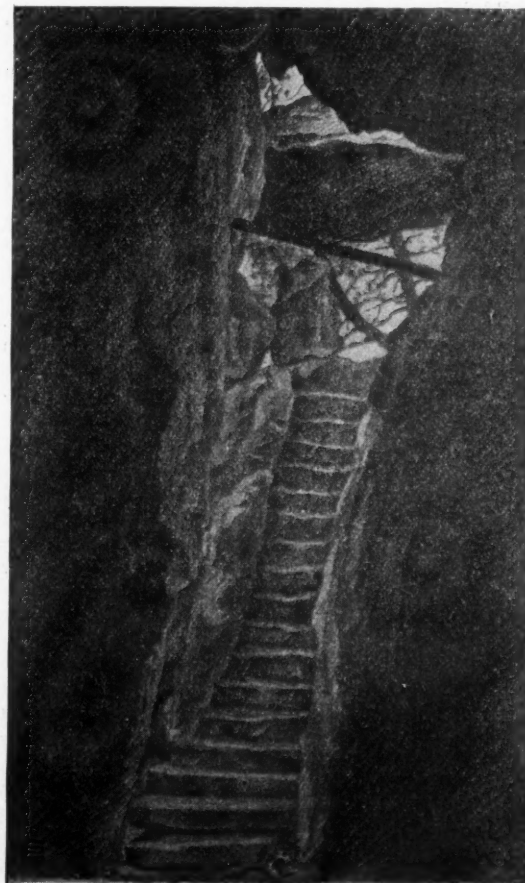
WHEREAS, The Almighty has seen fit to remove from our midst our friend and co-worker, Robert M. Robertson, who departed this life on the 27th of September last, aged 49, and

WHEREAS, Mr. Robertson was for many years a leading figure in state deaf organization circles, and had faithfully served both the National Association of the Deaf and the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf in an official capacity, and generally endeared himself to all those who came in touch with him, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Trenton Branch of the National Association of the Deaf, in meeting gathered this 10th day of November, 1925, wish it go on record that we keenly feel the loss of so valued a life, regret the circumstances surrounding its untimely end, and extend our heartfelt sympathy to all those who knew and loved Mr. Robertson best, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the SILENT WORKER and the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* for publication, and one be preserved in our records.

MILES SWEENEY, *Chairman*
KENNETH MURPHY
GEORGE S. PORTER
Committee.



Entrance to Cave in Central Park, New York. From a Pencil Sketch by George Olsen.

My Deafness Helped You To Hear The Phonograph

As Told By Thomas A. Edison To Edward Marshall

(From Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for April, 1925)



R. EDISON told me the story of his deafness in the exact kind of place a deaf man never would be expected to possess—a great building devoted exclusively to making records of sound for his own invention, the story that follows:

I became deaf when I was about twelve years old. I had just got a job as newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway, and it is supposed that the injury which permanently deafened me was caused by my being lifted by the ears from where I stood upon the ground into the baggage car. Earache came first, then a little deafness, and this deafness increased until at the theater I could hear only a few words now and then. Plays and most other "entertainments" in consequence became a bore to me, although I could imagine enough to fill in the gaps my hearing left. I am inclined to think I did not miss much. After the earache finally stopped I settled down into steady deafness.

There were no great specialists, I presume, in that region at that time, but I had doctors. They could do nothing for me.

I have been deaf ever since and the fact that I am getting deafer constantly, they tell me, doesn't bother me. I have been deaf enough for many years to know the worst, and my deafness has not been a handicap but a help to me.

From the very start, after the pain ceased, deafness probably drove me to reading. To compare the affliction of deafness with that of blindness is absurd, in spite of the fact that blind people usually seem rather above the average of happiness.

My refuge was the Detroit Public Library. I started, it now seems to me, with the first book on the bottom shelf and went through the lot, one by one. I didn't read a few books. I read the library, then I got a collection called "The Penny Library Encyclopedia" which was published in Dublin, and read that through.

I read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," pretty heavy reading for a youngster. It might have been, if I hadn't been taught by my deafness that almost any book will supply entertainment or instruction. By the time I tackled "The Anatomy of Melancholy" I could enjoy any good literature, and had found that there was virtually no enjoyment in trash. Following the Anatomy came Newton's "Principles."

Amidst a wilderness of mathematics there were intervals of ordinary English literature of the better kind. But I kept at mathematics till I got a distaste for it. In that time I had all I really needed, but I had not carried my development as far as I had meant to.

That reading was the only education I ever had in mathematics, and I am not a mathematician, but I can get within ten percent in the higher reaches of the art. I remember an expert employed by Smith, Fleming & Company, a great Scotch firm of merchants, whom I, when I was rather young, had been sent across to see in regard to some experiments connected with the ocean cable. I got to talking with that expert concerning a

problem of static. He worked four hours. I worked only half an hour and was only ten percent out, which was right enough for my purposes.

While I was a newsboy on the Grand Trunk I had a chance to learn that money can be made out of a little careful thought, and, being poor, I already knew that money is a valuable thing. Boys who don't know that are under a disadvantage greater than deafness. That was a long time ago. The Civil War was on and the Battle of Pittsburgh Landing, sometimes called that Battle of Shiloh, was in progress—and I was already very deaf. In my isolation (insulation would be a better term) I had time to think things out. I decided that if I could send ahead to outlying stations a hint of the big war news which I, there in Detroit, had learned was coming. I could do a better than normal business when I reached them.

The combat, we in Detroit knew, was terrific. The bulletins would apprise the people of it. They would be eager for the newspapers telling how sixty thousand men had fallen among the armies of the North and South.

I therefore ran to the office of the *Detroit Free Press* and asked Mr. Seitz, the man in charge, if he would trust me for a thousand newspapers. He regarded me as if perhaps I might be crazy, but referred me to Mr. Story. Mr. Story carefully considered me. I was poorly dressed. He hesitated, but finally told Mr. Seitz to let me have the papers.

I got them to the station and into the baggage car as best I could and then attended to my scheme. All along the line I had made friends of the station-agents, who also were the telegraphers, by giving them candy and other things which a train-boy dealt in those days. They were a good-natured lot of men, too, and had been kind to me. I wired ahead to them, through the courtesy of the Detroit agent, who also was my friend, asking them to post notices that when the train arrived I would have newspapers with details of the great battle.

When I got to the first station on the run I found that the device had worked beyond my expectations. The platform literally was crowded with men and women anxious to buy newspapers. After one look at the crowd I raised the price from five cents to ten and sold as many papers as the crowd could absorb. At Mount Clemons, the next station, I raised the price from ten cents to fifteen. The advertising worked as well at all the other stations. By the time the train reached Port Huron I had advanced the price of the *Detroit Free Press* for that day to thirty-five cents per copy and everybody took one.

Out of this one idea I made enough money to give me a chance to learn telegraphy. This was something I long had wished to do, for thus early I had found that my deafness did not prevent me from hearing the clicking of a telegraph instrument when I was as near to it as an operator always must be. From the start I found that deafness was an advantage to a telegrapher. While I could hear unerringly the loud ticking of the instrument, I could not hear other and perhaps distracting

sounds. I could not even hear the instrument of the man next to me in a big office. I became rather well-known as a fast operator, especially at receiving.

It may be said that I was shut off from that particular kind of social intercourse which is small talk. I am glad of it. I couldn't hear, for instance, the conversations at the dinner tables of the boarding-houses and hotels where after I became a telegrapher I took my meals. Freedom from such talk gave me an opportunity to think out my problems. I have no doubt that my nerves are stronger and better today than they would have been if I had heard all the foolish conversation and other meaningless sounds that normal people hear. The things that I have needed to hear I have heard.

I think it is because my nerves have not been bothered that now I am able to write without a tremor. Few men of my age can do that. Steady nerves are perhaps an advantage of themselves great enough to offset impaired hearing. To me, when I go over there from Orange, New York seems rather a quiet place. Not even that city is a strain upon my nerves. Most nerve strain of our modern life, I fancy, comes to us through our ears.

When the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railway first began its operation in New York there was much complaint about its noisiness. Some people were literally up in arms. I was hired to go to the Metropolis and make a report on it. The fact that my hearing was not perfect enabled me to find out what the trouble was. I heard only the worst of it, you understand, and this helped me to determine that the difficulty lay in the rail joints. Other experts had not been able to make sure of that because they had heard too much general uproar to make it possible for them to make sure of details.

People with good hearing have become so accustomed to the uproar of civilization that that uproar has become necessary to their lives. If all noise suddenly should stop on Broadway, Broadwayites would faint away. Broadway as it is is a peaceful thoroughfare to me.

A man talking in a boiler-shop multiplies the volume of his voice by four or five times and yet finds it difficult to make the man of normal hearing understand. But I can hear talk in such noisy places without much difficulty. When I traveled much between New York and Orange on suburban trains, while the train was running at full speed and roaring at its loudest, I would hear women telling secrets to one another, taking advantage of the noise. But during stops, while those near to me conversed in ordinary tones, I could not hear a single word.

I have an idea that for many years my ears have suited the conditions of modern city life better than the average man's. But in the country or the quiet suburbs, the situation is reversed. There the man with normal hearing has a great advantage over me. For instance, I haven't heard a bird sing since I was twelve years old. But I can hear anything upon the phonograph.

I know men who worry about being deaf although they are not half as deaf as I am. Study of these men will indicate that they enjoy the unimportant. They would like keen hearing when they sit at table where foolish gossip flies about. They regret that they are missing nonsense. If they would let their deafness drive them to good books they would find the world a very pleasant place.

Some years ago a specialist came to me and informed me that he could improve my hearing. I presume he might have done it. But I wouldn't let him try.

I continually experiment with the phonograph, constantly improving it. There are those who fear that

radio will kill it as a salable device, but I know better. People will continue to want to hear what they want to hear when they want to hear it. They will continue to prefer what they hear without rather than with static and other interruptions and distractions. They will continue to desire to have carefully selected voices and well chosen instrumentalists ready for their entertainment, rather than to trust to luck and the program-arranger at a broadcasting station.

My eyes have always been extremely good. All the extensive experimentation I have done with arcs and other brilliant lights seems not to have hurt them at all.

I read three newspapers each day. If they are delayed or do not reach me I don't know what to do. The vast development of the newspaper and magazine has done more even than the motion picture to make hearing unnecessary.

Long ago nature began to make the hearing of human beings less acute than it had been in their earlier development. Nature always knows her business. The man engaged in firing fourteen-inch guns carefully plugs up his ears before he pulls the lanyard. There are analogies in many lines where ears are not actually plugged. In some instances they are not plugged when they might better be. I have heard people who live in towns of, say, two or three thousand, say that the Sunday quiet is depressing. Such people have achieved the noise habit. It is like the drug habit.

We need light and sight in order to get information without which mental development would be very difficult, although possible, as witness Helen Kellar, who has had neither sight nor hearing since her early childhood and yet is a highly educated woman. I went through Switzerland in a motor-car, so that I could visit little towns and villages, and noted the effect of artificial light on the inhabitants. Where water-power and electric light had been developed everyone seemed normally intelligent. Where these appliances did not exist and the natives went to bed with the chickens, staying there till daylight, they were less intelligent.

Once I was elected to membership in a certain business organization. I went to its dinners where was much speech-making. At first I regretted that I could not hear those often long orations. Then, one year, they printed them after the dinner and I read them. I haven't felt a mite of sorrow since.

A man went up to Sing Sing—a reformer. One of the listening convicts—not in the least deaf—got uneasy after half an hour and yelled, disturbing the whole meeting. A warden promptly knocked him senseless and the orator went on. The convict woke up after another thirty minutes and, finding that the speaker was still at it, begged the warden to knock him out again.

When, the other day, I read that a certain scientist had developed a short-term anesthetic, the first thought that came to me was that it should be served out at banquets to people with good hearing.

We are building a world in which the person who is deaf will have a definite advantage. If we keep on as we are going we shall have a general environment which will be impossible to the acutely hearing person. Normal individuals have their troubles even now. Fast cars without mufflers and the whirl of airplanes must definitely affect nerves. They do not and they could not bother mine or those of any other very deaf person.

Deafness has done many good things for the world. In my own case it has been responsible, I think, for the perfection of the phonograph; and it had something to do with the developing of the telephone into usable form.

When Bell first worked out his telephone idea I tried it and the sound which came in through the instrument was so weak I couldn't hear it. I started to develop it and kept on until the sounds were audible to me. I sold my improvement, the carbon transmitter, to the Western Union and they sold it to Bell. It made the telephone successful. If I had not been deaf it is possible and even probable that this improvement would not have been made. The telephone as we now know it might have been delayed if a deaf electrician had not undertaken the job of making it a practical thing.

The phonograph never would have been what it now is and for a long time has been if I had not been deaf. Being deaf, my knowledge of sounds had been developed till it was extensive and I knew that I was not and no one else was getting overtones. Others working in the same field did not realize this imperfection, because they were not deaf. Deafness, pure and simple, was responsible for the experimentation which perfected the machine. It took me twenty years to make a perfect record of piano music because it is full of overtones. I now can do it—just because I am deaf.

My deafness has been a definite advantage in my business, too, in more ways than one. The fact that I do not rely on verbal agreements and reports is one reason for this. There would be a chance that I might not hear them perfectly. So I have everything set down in black and white. That has saved me certain difficulties which I might have had if I had been acute of hearing. My deafness never has prevented me from making money in a single instance. It has helped me many times. It has been an asset to me always.

Even in my courtship my deafness was a help. In the first place it excused me for getting quite a little nearer to her than I would have dared to if I hadn't had to be quite close in order to hear what she said. If something had not overcome my natural bashfulness I might have been too faint of heart to win. And after things were actually going nicely. I found hearing unnecessary.

My later courtship was carried on by telegraph. I taught the lady of my heart the Morse code, and when she could both send and receive we got along much better than we could have with spoken words by tapping our remarks to one another on our hands. Presently I asked her thus, in Morse code, if she would marry me. The word "Yes" is an easy one to send by telegraphic signals, and she sent it. If she had been obliged to speak it she might have found it harder. Nobody knew anything about many of our conversations on a long drive in the White Mountains. If we had spoken words, others would have heard them. We could use pet names without the least embarrassment, though there were three other people in the carriage. We still use the telegraphic code at times. When we go to hear a spoken play she keeps her hand upon my knee and telegraphs the words the actors use so that I know something about the drama though I hear nothing of the dialog.

Every branch of education can be taught through books and motion pictures. Films already have done much to mold the public, young and old. They have affected commerce, too. We all wear English motor caps because we liked them when we saw them in the motion pictures. Australians buy American shoes because they have seen and liked them in the motion pictures. Presently European clothing will predominate among the Asiatics in India, Japan and China because the natives of these lands have seen them in the motion pictures. I believe immensely in the phonograph, but talking machines can

never do what motion pictures can do in forming the thought and habits of the whole world.

And finally: The best thinking has been done in solitude. The worst has been done in turmoil.

EDITORIALS FROM THE TYPE METAL MAGAZINE

An architect, a printer, a paper manufacturer, or carpet manufacturer must design and make goods which customers and clients will buy and pay for.

Beautiful things are purchased by people who think beautiful thoughts. The vision and daring of the men who back investors are as great as these qualities in the inventors themselves.

In a certain sense the publisher of Van Loon's "Story of Mankind" is to be commended as heartily as the writer of the book. He assumed a risk which a dozen other publishers had refused.

I know dozens of men who are unable to express images and thoughts which they have in their minds but who willingly pay others to express these thoughts for them. After all, a masterpiece, whether of writing, painting, sculpture, architecture, or music, is simply a universal thought aptly expressed. That is why the work of a genius is so universally appreciated.

It is a fine thing to acclaim the man who designs a handsome public building. But don't forget the little people who pay the bill, because the building is the image of their thoughts, or it would never be built.

That is one of the encouraging features of democracy. It usually creates something fairly substantial and of real merit.

I HEARD Mr. Frederick Pierce say that the United States would be several billions of dollars richer if people would get just one idea out of their heads:

Namely, that accomplishment is confined to youth:

That unless a man has "arrived" by the time he is forty-five he might as well quit.

Mr. Pierce, by the way, says that when a man admits to himself that he has "arrived" it is time to park him.

He denies that there is any time limit on any man.

If used properly, our brains are constantly in a stage of development.

"Old age" is an hallucination, in the sense that advancing years means a slowing down.

If all of us expected men and women to be in their prime at seventy, they would be, and we would have men of sixty-five displaying the same enthusiasm and imagination as men of thirty.

In this connection I have before me a list of some twenty men who are eighty years old or older—men whose names are known nationally and who (at the present writing) are alive and active in large business and public affairs.

This list was compiled to answer a statement to the effect that had Methuselah lived in New York City in the present generation he would have had a shorter and faster life.

The present tendency among students of longevity is to challenge the idea that an active life means a short life. It seems that city dwellers live as long or longer than rural people; that men of affairs live as long or longer than, say night watchmen.

Fancy loafing is a high art.

The trouble with an unabridged dictionary is it contains so much you don't want to know that you can't find what you want to know.

Meeting the Problem of Cheap Though Healthful Cooking

BY HELENA LORENZ WILLIAMS

Expensive food is not necessarily healthful food, nor is it always the most palatable. Careful marketing and preparation can produce a good dinner just as inexpensive cloth and good sewing can produce an attractive gown.

First in the rules for economical cooking comes "plenty of milk." One often hears it said that milk is an expensive food, but this is not true. Although its initial cost may seem high, its liberal use will prevent many a doctor's and dentist's bill, especially for the children, or the occasional loss of a day's pay through illness. A pint of milk per person per day regardless of cost is a good housekeeping motto.

Cereals are an economical food. They provide energy and are the cheapest food of this kind. The more money the housewife wishes to save, the more cereal of the cooked variety she should give her family. Of these oatmeal, wheatena, rice, graham or wholewheat are cheapest and best. Package cereals, which require no cooking, are far more expensive in relation to their food value.

Milk, cereals, vegetables and fruit constitute the cheapest healthful diet. Speaking of vegetables, potatoes are perhaps the most economical, and they provide more energy than the popular polished rice and macaroni we so frequently substitute for them. While the latter are also energy foods, they require the use of vegetables to supplement their lack of vitamins or mineral elements. But potatoes provide these. It is safe to say that all vegetables are healthful to a person in normally good health. Whether they are economical or not, however, depends a good deal on the distance they have to travel to reach the consumer, and whether one tries to buy them in or out of season. Beets, carrots, parsnips, onions, turnips are all good, but the same ones should not be served over a long period. Green vegetables are not luxuries even though they seem too expensive for the family purse. They should be served at least three or four times a week. They provide the necessary roughage for the system, prevent constipation, and thus keep the bodily functions in good working order. Among the green vegetables which can be easily and tastefully prepared are dandelion greens, Brussels sprouts, beets tops, lettuce, turnip greens, spinach, asparagus, cabbage, escarole and chard.

Meat is undoubtedly the most expensive article of food. The greatest economy in diet may be practised by reducing the amount of meat in the average home, provided plenty of proper substitutes such as milk, cheese, beans, peas, lentils, nuts and fish are used in its place, with vegetables. Meat should never be eaten regularly more than once a day, and then not in very large quantities. Small amounts of meat with generous quantities of vegetables may be made into very appetizing dishes. Of these, stuffed peppers and stuffed cabbage are good examples. Eggs are an excellent article of diet and are so far superior to meat, that even when they are expensive it is much better economy to omit meat from the diet.

Deserts are a real luxury, not only because of their immediate cost, but also in future cost in indigestion and other stomach ailments. Pastries and puddings are tempting to the appetite, but they add little or nothing to our general well being. Miss Lucy H. Gillett in her book "Food for Health's Sake", says this about them. "Dainties are the items which increase food costs. A delicacy that costs but ten cents more than another, add to one meal each day will increase the cost of food for the family

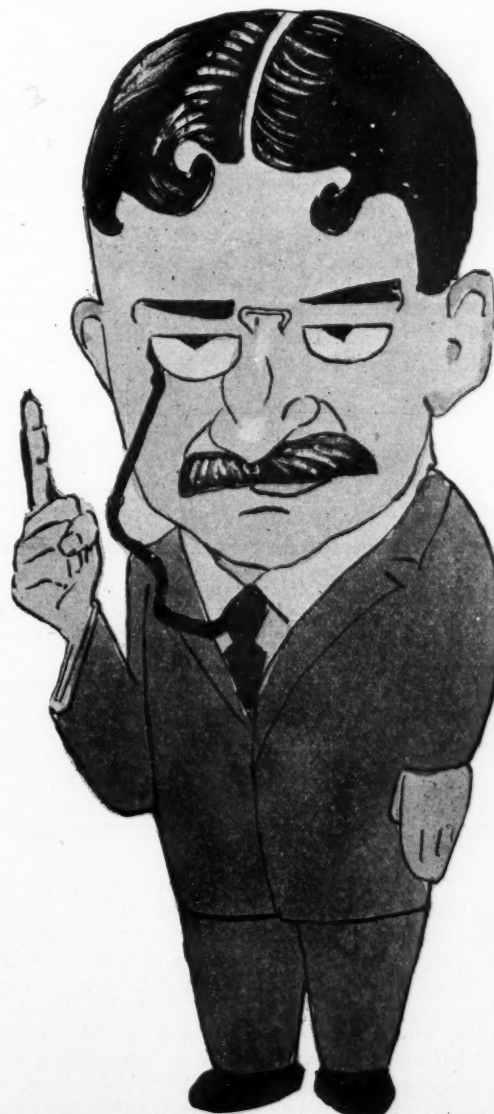
\$36.50 a year. Three such dainties a day mean an expenditure of \$109.50 a year. The housewife should decide, therefore, whether the pleasure of these dainties is worth this expenditure and whether the family budget can stand it."

Good food is necessary to good health. Malnutrition, which is the result of unsuitable food as much as insufficient food, is one of the chief causes of tuberculosis. The National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated organization spend large sums every year to help teach the American public how to eat healthfully. The seventeenth annual Christmas seal sale which furnishes funds for this work was held throughout the country during December.

June is the month in which Cupid has orders to shoot on sight.

Do You Recognize Me?

BY J. L. KENDALL



Mr. Pach's positive belief in his motto: "Retire at 9 P.M.. Shame on you if you stay late—past 12 A.M."

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MARRIAGES

November 15, 1925, at Plainfield, N. J., Edward P. Bonvillain, of Bronx, New York City, and Miss Katherine M. Brigantie, of Plainfield, N. J.

November 21, 1925, at Duluth, Minn., Minnie Dorothy Howard (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Cooke Howard, of Duluth) and Paul Lefferts Brower, of Hoboken, N. J.

BIRTHS

November 6, 1925, at Trenton, N. J., to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beatty, a girl. Weight 8 pounds. Named _____ Hudgins.

DEATHS

November 28th, 1925, at Tom's River, N. J., Miss Esther Clayton. The deceased was a former pupil of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

OBITUARY

Esther V. Clayton

Miss Esther V. Clayton, of Cedar Grove, on the outskirts of Tom's River, N. J., passed away November 25, at 2 o'clock in morning. Her death was caused by Influenza. She had been ill only one week. It was a great shock to everyone, as she was beloved by all. Funeral services were held on Saturday, November 28, at the church to which she belonged. Intement at Silverton Cemetery. There were many beautiful wreaths of roses, chrysanthemums, etc. She was 31 years old and a former pupil at Trenton School for the Deaf. Miss Ethel Collins, of Barnegat, was among those who attended the funeral.

E. C.

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a college magazine

Published by the Undergraduates
of

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Every deaf person should be a reader of the Buff and Blue. Subscription \$1.50 a year.

Gallaudet College
Washington, D. C.

THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Miss Emily Sterck

The deaf of Toronto, Province of Ontario, Canada, have just laid the cornerstone, with fitting ceremony, of a church exclusively for the deaf, where they can assemble for religious purposes to receive the word of God, and can gather for social enjoyment and recreation at such times as do not conflict with the sacred mission for which the edifice was erected.

This is a wish realized since the beginning of the religious work by Mr. F. Bridgen more than a quarter of a century ago.

The deaf have been very busy raising funds for the building, and to the perseverance of Mr. John T. Shilton, himself a deaf man, it is said success is due.

The building will cost \$65,000, and one-half of this amount has been raised by the deaf-mutes. The Congregational Missionary Society gives a dollar for every like amount that may be raised, and the contributions secured by the deaf are at present nearly \$32,000.

We congratulate our Canadian brethren on the persistence and good work that has achieved this victory.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

DANIEL TUTTLE CLOUD, JR.

Cards were out this summer announcing the arrival on August eighteenth of Daniel Tuttle Cloud, Junior. At the present writing, the little fellow is getting along wonderfully. Superintendent and Mrs. Cloud are indeed proud of him, as is every one connected with the school.—*F.—Kansas Star*.

NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ARKANSAS SCHOOL

Word has been received that Louis R. Divine has been appointed superintendent of the Arkansas school. We join his many friends in congratulating him upon his success.

Mr. Divine is of deaf parentage and has taught for several years in the North Carolina school—so he goes to Arkansas splendidly equipped for his his new work.—*Kansas Star*.

JUDGES INJURES THROAT SENSITIZING DEAF MAN

PHILADELPHIA, November 4. —Municipal Judge Cleary, of Camden, is nursing a sore throat caused by shouting himself hoarse in police court trying to make a deaf, seventy-three-year-old prisoner understand he was receiving a sentence of thirty days in the county prison.

It took some time to accomplish the deed, but when Charles Van Meter, of Delair, finally grasped the import of the

judge's shouts he broke down and cried. He told the judge that two pints of liquor found in his car were being taken to his sick wife.—*Washington Times*.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

Industrial Education for the deaf is fully as important as liberty education. The latter is of little use as a means of making a living unless supplemented by the former. A well rounded education for the deaf requires technical training in some chosen trade of the highest degree. Failing to acquire this his education is a failure. Vocational education is an essential element of all education, and it is in harmony with the progress of educational thought and practice in the departments of education. This broadminded administration of the public schools is now being experienced in the high schools of towns and cities, as witness their splendid manual training departments and highly paid instructors. The deaf youth stands in greater need of just this kind of training than does his hearing brother.—*Dr. J. L. Smith in the Minnesota Companion*.

NEW HEADS

This has been a year of frequent changes in the heads of School's for the Deaf.

Young Mr. McCloud left Arkansas to become Superintendent at Kansas. Missouri released Mr. Tillinghast and South Dakota released Mr. Welty. Both were fine men and capable Superintendents. Mr. Tillinghast went to South Dakota as Superintendent. But we have not heard what good turn was done to Mr. Welty. Professor Day of Gallaudet College was elected Superintendent of the Missouri School at Fulton. Mr. Gruver succeeds Dr. Crouter at Mt. Airy. At this writing we have not learned who the new man is at either Council Bluffs or Little Rock.

They say that there is progress in movement. If so this should be a very profitable year.

The Chronicle wishes all of these new heads the greatest of success, for they are all worthy men.—*The Ohio Chronicle*.

A NEW CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

The deaf of Toronto are looking forward to the morrow when they shall formally open their new church which is in course of construction.

Property at No. 56 Wellesley St., was purchased by the Toronto Evangelical Church for the Deaf last June for \$20,000 cash. This sum represents the amount the deaf have raised the in past five years.

By a further gift of \$45,000 from the Congregational churches it has been made possible to start a building for their house of worship.

Of this sum \$12,500 is to be paid back in ninety-nine years without interest.

The building is to have a seating capacity of 300 and a lecture room for 230. Several other rooms are to be devoted to social activities of the deaf of Toronto.

To the workers who made possible the realization of the wishes of the deaf we extend our sincerest congratulations.—*The Echo*.

THE BEST AUTO LAW

"The best automobile law passed by the Legislature this year," according to Registrar of Motor Vehicles, Frank A. Goodwin, "and the law which will result in the saving of more lives than any other, is the law which now makes it unnecessary for an autoist to sound his horn or signal when arriving at an intersection of streets."

"This may sound strange and unusual, but experience in this office indicates that it is true and here is the reason; In all our experience since the Registry of Motor Vehicles was established, there has never been an accident case on record in which a deaf person has figured. Deaf persons are good risks, and if a deaf person indicates that he can handle a car, our inspectors do not hesitate to issue a license."

"Our experience shows that a deaf person is extremely careful. A deaf man realizes his handicap and he makes up for it admirably by keeping his eyes on the road, slowing down at street intersections and he never takes any unnecessary risks. He realizes the other fellow may be sounding a signal but he cannot be sure so he takes the safest course and slows down."

"The new law places everyone in the position of the deaf man. It is not necessary now to sound a signal and when an autoist arrives at an intersection he proceeds after determining that another may not be arriving on his right or left. The best course is to slow down."—*Atthol, Mass., Transcript*.

COCKROACH IN HIS EAR FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

The danger of letting any foreign object remain in the ear is illustrated by a case related in the Journal of the American Medical Association by Dr. Paul A. Higbee, of Minneapolis, as follows:

"A man, aged thirty-six, stumbled and fell, February 18th, 1922, striking on his chin. He was unconscious for a few

seconds and, on recovering, experienced a sharp pain in his right ear. After the chin wound was dressed he was referred to me for examination of the ear. The external canal was blocked. A large amount of debris was removed, disclosing tightly packed cerumen, which was removed with difficulty. Following this came the remains of a dead cockroach, eighteen m.m. in length and perfectly preserved in every detail.

"The patient, in April, 1908, while preparing for a bath felt a sudden pain and buzzing in the right ear, which drove him almost frantic. While his wife was telephoning for a physician, he put his head under the water in the tub, and the pain soon ceased. Later, on the advice of his physician, the ear was syringed, but nothing was washed out of the ear, and it was supposed that cian, believing that some irreparable trouble was due to a small mite which had been lost in the washing.

"The patient gradually became deaf in this ear, but never consulted a physician, believing that some irreparable damage had been done to the ear by the insect and cleaning of the canal, hearing was fully normal, and the only evidence of injury was a slight abrasion of the drum.

"It seems probable that, following the original injury in 1908, the canal became gradually filled with wax, thus entombing the insect in an air-tight space and preserving it in toto for nearly fourteen years."—*Ohio Chronicle*.

BUYING EDUCATION WITH TALENTS

Writing of student life and remunerative activity a professor of Northwestern University says:

"Of all men who have particular aptitudes, none are more expert than those who are supporting themselves while going to college by operating the linotype machines used in the printing offices. There are eight students at the present time who do this, and they are really expert workmen, union men, and all that sort of thing."

It is not unusual to find a talented linotype operator attending college. We know personally two members of the Winnipeg Typographical Union who are paying their way through college by operating machines on daily newspapers, and still there may be others.

One of them is attending the University of Manitoba and the other, though his membership has been transferred from Winnipeg to the Columbia Typographical Union, Washington, D. C., was employed as a substitute operator on the *Washington Post* during the summer holidays. This latter operator is a former pupil of our school, now in his second year at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., which is the only institution of its kind for the higher education of the deaf. From the good reports we hear from time to time of his progress we are certain that those eight Northwestern University students would find their match in this linotype operator college student.—*The Echo*

SYSTEM VS. METHOD

A great many people do not understand difference between a System and a Method, as used in connection with the education of the deaf.

The deaf themselves often are unable

to clearly explain it to others. And in the hope that it will help them to do so, the subjoined is written.

A System is a combination of different methods. Thus the Combined System of educating the deaf, is an adaptation of several approved methods.

It includes the oral method, permits signs, pictures, writing, the finger alphabet, and aural instruction to those possessed of a certain degree of hearing.

These methods are used as the condition of the pupil suggests, taking into consideration the degree of hearing, mental aptitude, eyesight, and native ability.

That is why the educated deaf, almost without exception, favor the Combined System, which adapts the method to the pupil and not the pupil to the method.

It is a grave mistake to think that the deaf are opposed to the oral method. They unanimously favor oral instruction, and believe that it should be given at the outset and discontinued only when the pupil does not make satisfactory progress. They know that a certain percentage lost their hearing after they had learned to speak. This proportion had profited also by living in a world of sound until sickness or other calamity condemned them to a world of silence. The speech of such children should be cultivated and carefully watched that it does not deteriorate from any neglect at school. For from this class of pupils the star speakers and lip-readers are produced. They are trotted forward as examples of the success of the pure-oral method on all occasions. (The failures are sedulously relegated to the background.)

The Combined System utilizes the language of gestures, but invariably it is taboo in the classroom. It is used in chapel talks and in lectures; when pupils are in assembly, and on the playground, where spontaneous expression helps to develop character and individuality.

The pure-oral pupils are taught very often to enunciate words and sentences that they do not understand. The sign language interprets the meanings of words, so that mental comprehension is insured. However, too much sign language, or too much oralism, is an abuse.

If the JOURNAL readers will explain to to their family and friends along the above lines, a great deal of good will ensue.

The motto of the Combined System is: "All methods for good results, and wedded to none."—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

MAKING THE DEAF HEAR

The editor of this paper was one of those who recently submitted to a test of Dr. Waller's device to make the deaf hear, concerning which such glowing accounts have appeared in the press. We have been deaf nearly all our lifetime, totally deaf, but as we lost our hearing at the age of eight, we are in a position to differentiate between sound sensations and touch sensations.

When the ear caps were applied and the instrument started up, there was a first no sensation at all. As the power was increased, there developed a sort of buzzing sensation. This affected only the outward ear, there being no inward sensation at all. When the full power of the machine was turned on, the buzzing sensation merely increased in inten-

sity a little, there being not the slightest perception of any modulation in the tones of the voice. We regret that we did not, at the time, hold the ear caps in our hands. We believe that had we done so the buzzing sensation would have been the same, proving conclusively that the sensation was that of touch, not of hearing. If we rest our hand or any of our body on a piano in operation, the same buzzing or humming sensation is perceived. If we place our hand at the base of a telephone or telegraph pole when a strong wind is blowing, we can perceive the wires buzzing or humming. In these cases as in that of Dr. Waller's machine, hearing has nothing to do. The sensation is merely the nerves of touch responding to air vibrations. If we stood a few inches from the piano, with no part of our body touching it, there would be no sensation at all, except possibly when certain deep notes were struck a sensation might come through the floor and our feet.

Our conclusion, therefore, is that as regards any real benefit to the totally deaf, Dr. Waller's device is utterly useless, and experimenting on such deaf people will be simply a waste of time and money.

In every school for deaf children there is a considerable per cent who have some degree of hearing remaining, which varies from slight perception of sound to ability to understand spoken words if addressed in a raised voice near to the ear. The question, then, is, how far would such a device as Dr. Waller's be of practical benefit to those partly deaf children?

Tests for hearing made upon young deaf children are always unreliable, for the reason that children, knowing nothing of physiology or psychology, cannot differentiate between the sense of touch and the sense of hearing, as far as vibrations go. The experimenter has to depend upon the reaction of the child to the test, and this, as all teachers of the deaf know, cannot be depended upon. Nine out of ten deaf children, experiencing the buzzing sensation of Dr. Waller's device, or the humming of a piano when touched, would exclaim, "I hear! I hear." An experienced teacher of the deaf would be able to find out whether it was really hearing or touch sensation. But one with little or no experience among the deaf would be misled. And we believe that a large proportion of the marvelous results claimed for Dr. Waller's device is owing to the unreliability of the tests.

Our schools for the deaf are not experimental laboratories. They are workshops where serious practical work is to be done. The larger part of the pupils in any school are beyond the reach of practical benefit from any mechanical contrivance yet devised. To spend time and money on experiment upon such children is to deprive them of more practical education. When it is proved conclusively that any mechanical device will be of real education benefit to deaf children who have residual hearing, the schools will adopt it and make use of it to the best advantage.

Dr. Waller's device has great possibilities of usefulness among the hundreds of thousands of adults who are classed among the "hard of hearing." To these it may bring hope and happiness. But as to its being a valuable educational asset in a large school for

the deaf, we are at present exceedingly skeptical.

Our advice to parents of deaf children in this matter is not to allow false hopes to be raised in their minds, not to consider removing their children from school where they are doing well, and subjecting them to useless experiment at a waste of time and money. They can rest assured that the one and only object of this school is the deaf child's very best welfare, and that when any method or device has been tried and proved to be a valuable educational asset, it will be adopted and made use of. —*The Companion*.

SCIENCE TO THE RESCUE

SCIENCE TO THE RESCUE sums up a number of sensational articles relating to the deaf that have come to our attention since the keys in our printing office were silenced for the long summer vacation. These roseate write-ups promising a "new era for the deaf" have kept coming in on us and not until now have we had a chance to turn the light on them.

From away back many have been the devices brought forth to "rescue" or "restore" the deaf, but after all these years the deaf are still obliged to take the same long route to the acquisition of knowledge, only partly shortened by the improvement of methods. So the truth has been impressed on us as time has gone on that there is no power that can make the totally deaf hear save that which of old pronounced the blessed word: "Ephphatha."

But that there is something in science and invention for the relief of deafness no one who believes in human progress can help believing, and the deaf want to get all there is in that direction from any source. The fact that the great scientist Alexander Graham Bell originally intended the telephone to be an aid to the hearing of his deaf wife lends some encouragement to our hopes as to what inventive minds may yet bring forth for that purpose. The greatest living electrician, Thomas A. Edison, stated in a recent letter to one of the editors of this paper that his increasing deafness may yet oblige him to undertake the invention of something for its relief.

It is significant that the engineers of the Bell Telephone Company have recently perfected an electric phonograph by which it is said hearing can be accurately tested. This device was demonstrated at the convention of the American Federation of Organizations of the hard of Hearing in Minneapolis last summer. Another device on exhibition there was an "artificial larynx" which is described as "much like a small tobacco pipe with a rubber tube attached by aid of which a person lacking vocal chords or a larynx can speak in conversational tones with remarkable enunciation."

In the light of these steps in invention lip-reading suffered something of an eclipse at the convention mentioned, for in a paper entitled, "The Practical Value of Speech Reading" by Dr. Roy Gilpatrick of Boston, one of the speakers on the program, he impressed on his audience "the limitation of the art, pointing out that 'for a complete and workable understanding of the practical value of speech reading, there is needed right at the start comprehension of its limitations.'" The speaker "stressed the impor-

tance and necessity of co-operation between the speaker and the reader, pointing out that too frequently embarrassment and annoyance result because the reader, being over sensitive, fails to request the repetition of some phrase he has missed. He reminded his audience that not infrequently persons of good hearing lose the trend of a speaker's thought and think nothing of requesting him to repeat and explain more fully his utterance."

Reports of wonders worked by the radio in restoring hearing or relieving deafness at some school for the deaf have become so common that we need not add to the comment that the school papers have already made on the subject. The latest school to gain publicity by this route is our neighbor, the Louisiana School, and we await with interest some statement from it as to the veracity of the reports that have emanated therefrom. —*Alabama Messenger*.

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An illustrated magazine-newspaper
for the Deaf

Published every two months

EDITED BY
ALFRED SHANKLAND

LEADING ORGAN OF THE DEAF
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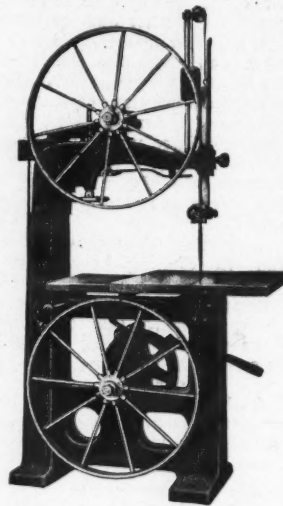
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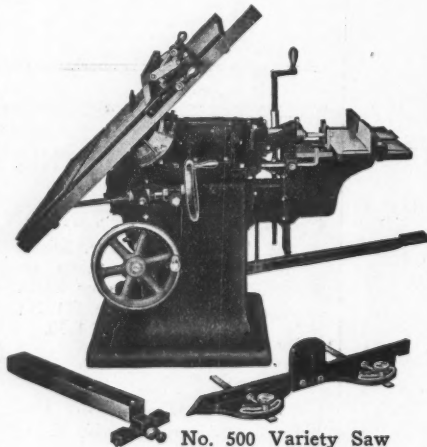
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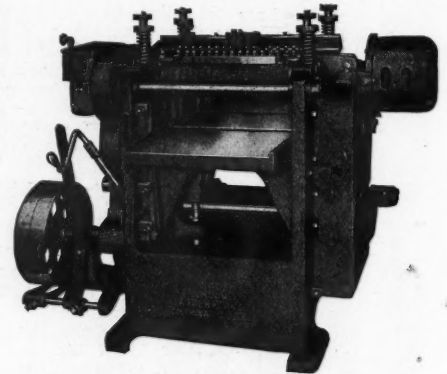
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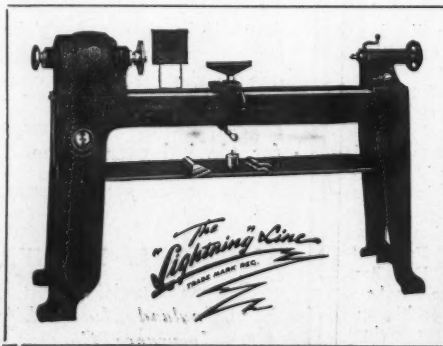
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To the joker life's a jest,
To the preacher life's a sermon,
To the miser life is money,
To the loafer life is rest.

To the lawyer life's a trial,
To the poet life's a song;
To the doctor life's a patient
That needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life's a battle,
To the teacher life's a school;
Life's a good thing to the grafter,
It's a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine
Life's a long and heavy grade;
It's a gamble to the gambler,
To the merchant life's a trade.

Life's a picture to the artist,
To the rascal life's a fraud;
Life perhaps is but a burden
To the man beneath the hod.

Life is lovely to the lover,
To the player life's a play;
Life may be a load of trouble
To the man upon the dray.

Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
To shun duty to the shirk.

To the heaven's best romancer
Life's a story ever new;
Life is what we try to make it—
Brother, what is life to you?

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